

THE MONTH

OCTOBER 1953

POEMS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

Translated by

F. T. PRINCE

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J. H. CREHAN

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POEMS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS¹

Translated by
F. T. PRINCE

Songs Between the Soul and the Bridegroom

BRIDE

W^HERE hast thou hidden thee,
Belovèd, leaving me to mourn?
Swift as a deer did'st flee,
And left me wounded, that I yearn
And wander, calling on thee to return.

Shepherds, if as ye wend
Towards your sheepcotes perched on high,
You chance to meet my friend
And well-belovèd, drawing nigh,
Tell him that here I suffer, faint and die.

But I my Love will track
By seas and mountains, nor delay
For sweet flowers, nor turn back
For man or beast, but make no stay,
And brave all forts and frontiers by the way.

¹ The translator does not offer his version of these poems in competition with Mr. Roy Campbell, for whose work he has a great admiration. His own translation was made in order to test some private convictions about the differing metrical capacities of English and Spanish. Spanish, like Italian, has a more springing and elastic rhythm than English: consequently, the variety of effects it obtains in such a stanza as St. John's *lira* can only be obtained in English by a greater freedom of pattern. While Mr. Campbell and others have reproduced the Spanish stanza in English, Mr. Prince has preferred to seek a new form which would give the effect of the Spanish, and for this purpose he has derived a stanza based, he says, on that used by Crashaw in *The Weeper*.

EDITOR

Thick woods, thou fair demesne,
 Planted by Love but yesterday,
 Meadows growing green,
 Enamelled with wild flowers, I pray,
 Tell me, did my Belovèd go this way?

ANSWER OF THE CREATURES

Treasures far and wide
 He scattered through each desert-place,
 For, as he glanced aside,
 One glimpse they caught of his fair face
 Sufficed to clothe their nakedness with grace.

BRIDE

But which of them can cure me?
 Henceforth do thou thyself appear,
 Now send not, to assure me,
 Such messengers as we have here,
 For none can tell me what I long to hear.

And those sent on before,
 Telling me tales of what thou art,
 But wound my longing more:
 Something they stammer, ere they part,
 Leaves me half-dying, as if sick at heart.

How then dost thou draw breath,
 My life, not living where thou livest,
 And wounded unto death
 By those fierce arrows thou receivest,
 Sent from the thoughts of Love that thou conceivest?

But thou, why leave to pine
 The heart thou hast wounded? Why delay,
 Since it is thine, not mine,
 To come and carry it away?
 Why, having vanquished, dost not seize thy prey?

Do thou appease my pain,
Since now no other may suffice:
Let me see thee plain,
And bless thy radiance with these eyes,
Which, but that they may view thee, I despise.

Thy presence then bestow,
Shine on me with thy lovely light:
Consider that my woe,
Which is of love, can take delight
In nothing but that presence and that sight.

O crystal fountain, might
Thy silver surface glistening there
Form suddenly of light
Those eyes, my hope and my despair,
Whose lines engraven on my heart I wear!

Turn them away, sweet Love,
For now I fly thee.

BRIDEGROOM

Turn again,
For at thy flight, my dove,
The wounded hart that left the plain
Stands on the hillside and forgets his pain.

BRIDE

Belovèd, the high hills
And lonely valleys clad in trees,
Sounding rivers, rills,
Islands deep in distant seas,
And that love-language murmured by the breeze:

The silent hour of night
Before dawn kindles in the east:
Sweet music taking flight,
The lonely cries of bird or beast:
The bread whereof love eats and is increased.

But chase the foxes hence!
 For now the vines are dressed in green,
 And while from the rose-fence
 We pluck the blooms that grow between,
 Let now no loiterer on the hill be seen.

Begone, north wind, thou death,
 And come, thou south, whose warmth awakes
 Our thoughts to love: whose breath
 New perfume from the garden shakes:
 And let Love feed among the flowering brakes.

Nymphs of Judea, now,
 While incense on the roses falls
 From the amber-bough,
 Tarry awhile without the walls,
 Nor seek to penetrate our inner halls.

And hide thyself, my dearest,
 Towards the mountains turn thy gaze:
 Be silent, though thou hearest,
 And thou shalt watch how she delays,
 Who through strange seas and islands goes her ways.

BRIDEGROOM

Swift birds that wing the air,
 Lions, harts and leaping does,
 Hills and valleys where
 Wild winds blow and water flows,
 Noonday, and fears that startle night's repose:

By the melodious lyre
 And the mermaid's golden fleece,
 I charge you, and desire
 That you from jars and quarrels cease,
 And let my dear Bride slumber now in peace.

For she has now found rest
 In this sweet garden-paradise,
 Where, on her Lover's breast,

And bending back her head, she lies,
And sees herself reflected in his eyes.

Where the apple-tree still stands,
Thou wert pledged my Bride to be:
There we joined our hands,
And so thou wast restored to me,
Even where once thy mother had made free.

BRIDE

Flower-decked our marriage-bed,
Dens of lions guard it round,
Tented in royal red,
Raised on the peace that love has found,
And with a thousand golden scutcheons crowned.

Young men and maidens mark
Thy steps, and follow where they trod;
Kindled by the spark,
And the wine-cup by the road,
Sweet balsam renders back its breath to God.

Deep in the cellared grange
Of my Belovèd, I drank deep,
And, coming forth to range
These meadows, found I could not keep
The flock that I had led by plain and steep.

There he laid bare for me
His bosom and his breathing side,
And taught me so to see
And know him, that I then denied
Nothing, and vowed that I would be his Bride.

My self and all the stock
Of my possessions I disown,
And now I keep no flock,
Nor other task have sought or known,
But live to make my labour love alone.

So, if I sit or stray
 No longer on the common ground,
 Say that I lost my way,
 As one in love, and crossed the bound,
 For I am lost indeed and yet am found.

Emeralds and wild flowers,
 Gathered at dawn, that breathe and shine,
 Yet, of early hours,
 We will bind for thee, and twine
 The garland with a single hair of mine:

The single hair that erst
 Thou saw'st as on my neck it strayed,
 Bound thee to me at first,
 And, when thou wert a prisoner made,
 Forced thee to feel the wound my eyes conveyed.

When thine eyes looked me through,
 Their loveliness imprinted me:
 Wherefore thou could'st be true,
 And wherefore mine, that gazed on thee,
 Came to deserve to love what they could see.

Therefore despise me not,
 For although I was before
 Not all without spot,
 Once having looked, thou may'st look more,
 Such loveliness I from thy glancing bore.

BRIDEGROOM

The little milk-white dove
 Comes flying with the olive-leaf.
 The turtle, for her love,
 Achieves her guerdon and relief,
 And by green river-banks forgets her grief.

Lonely once she dwelt,
 And lonely now her Love no less
 Comes, where she has built

Her nest alone, to rule and bless,
As one who also knew love's loneliness.

BRIDE

Sweet Love, let us delight
To view our faces in thy glass:
On hill and mountain-height
By smooth clear streams we'll tread the grass,
And further through the thicket press and pass:

And come out, up on high,
And find the caverns cut in the rock,
Deep-hidden from man's eye,
And enter thirsting, and unlock
New wine drawn from the pomegranate-stock.

There wilt thou show me, then,
What thing it is I crave and pray,
And give again, again,
And swift as life, make no delay,
That which thou gavest but the other day:

The air that softly stirred;
The singing of the nightingale;
The forest-boughs that heard
Under the stars without a veil;
The flame of joy and longing burning pale.

None saw, for none attended;
Nor was Aminadab espied.
And now the siege was ended,
The horsemen needed not to ride,
And so unsaddled at the water-side.

Songs of the Soul

DARKNESS covered all,
But for my heart with flames enwound,
When I went free from thrall—
O happy chance!—and fled unfound,
For all the house and household slumbered sound.

Darkness covered all,
But I the secret ladder found,
Safely, by the wall—
O happy chance!—and reached the ground,
And still the house and household slumbered sound.

So, in the dead of night
I won my way, by none discerned,
Nor by myself, for light
Nor guide could show the way I learned,—
Unless the light that in my bosom burned.

Led by that alone,
As if by noonday's bright degree,
I came where one unknown,
Whom yet I knew, awaited me,
And there none saw, for there were none to see.

O night that was my guide,
More lovely than the dawn of day,
Whose darkness gave the Bride
To her Belovèd, showed the way,
And changed one to the other, where they lay!

For there upon my breast,
Whose flowers for him alone I kept,
He laid his head in rest,
And with my arms about him, slept,
Lulled by the airs that from the cedar crept.

From the dark tower the air
Came softly down, and blew aside
The soft locks of his hair:
And then, when he had touched my side,
I felt a wound so sweet, it seemed I died.

Forgetting and forgot,
My face I buried in his breast:
Abandoned to my lot,
I cast off all that I possessed,
And lay, and with the lilies took my rest.

MORE LIGHT ON GERARD HOPKINS

By
J. H. CREHAN

AMONG THE FRIENDS of Gerard Manley Hopkins there is one who came into the Catholic Church at the same time as himself and who kept up with him for the rest of his life but who has hitherto escaped the eagle-eyed researches of the biographers. This is Alexander Wood of Largo in Fifeshire of whom Hopkins himself said: "I hear from Wood, but of our other friends and acquaintance what you write is my only glimpse." This was written to Mowbray Baillie in 1872, five years after the three friends had gone down from Oxford. If all other Oxford friends had by this time dropped away, it can be judged that Wood and Hopkins must have had more in common than most other young Puseyite, Gothic-revival undergraduates of the time. Fortunately it is now possible to say in a little more detail what this friendship amounted to, though, alas, no letters between the two can now be expected to come to light.

Alexander Wood (1845-1912) was the second son of Capt. John Dennistoun Wood, R.N., of Largo, Fifeshire, in Scotland. He had a strict Presbyterian upbringing at home and in Edinburgh, having a specially-chosen Lutheran governess to teach him German. But somehow, through reading Sir Walter Scott, the romantic fever entered his blood and he began a boyish quest of the Holy Grail which ended in his making a stealthy visit to the Jesuit church in Edinburgh where he underwent some kind of spiritual experience while at prayer which inclined him much towards Catholicism. Two years schooling at Harrow had ended when his elder brother was withdrawn from there on account of weak health and the two boys were then educated by a tutor at Windermere, being strongly dosed with the Lake Poets and the Gothic revivalism of their parson-tutor. The elder brother died suddenly of meningitis while at Windermere and Alexander himself contracted rheumatic fever which left him with a weak heart, permanently debarred from athletics but passionately fond of boats and of swimming (the family motto was *Tutus in undis*). He went up to Trinity College at Oxford in Michaelmas term, 1863, at the same time that Gerard Hopkins went up to the neighbouring but rival college of Balliol. At the end of their second term, in March 1864, Hopkins is writing to Baillie to ask for "Wood of Trinity's address,"¹ and this suggests a friendship just begun and not matured enough in the term just elapsed to have reached the stage of exchanging vacation addresses.

The friendship led to expeditions in common on foot or by canoe in the Oxford neighbourhood, and later in life Wood spoke to his children about some of these. I am indebted to one of these children, now an enclosed nun in England, for recollections of these. Once Hopkins took his friend to Binsey and showed him in a farmyard there a farmer's waggon made entirely of wood, without nail or bolt. The quizzical Hopkins humour no doubt delighted in the introduction of Wood to wood. At other times they used to ascend the Cherwell by canoe reciting aloud long passages from Scott's *Marmion*. As Wood had trained himself in the management of boats on the Forth, where he had had several narrow escapes from drowning, it was he who took charge of these expeditions on the gentler Cherwell, no doubt to the greater security of both of the friends.

¹ *Further Letters*, p. 62.

At the end of his third year at Oxford, in June 1866, Hopkins went on a walking tour with Addis and on his way through the Wye valley came to the Benedictine monastery of Belmont. Oddly enough they visited the monastery separately, Addis going out the two miles from Hereford to reconnoitre and Hopkins going by himself later with Addis's directions to guide him. No mention is made in the Diary which records this visit of the presence of Wood, but it is his daughter's distinct recollection that her father told her many times how he had visited Belmont in company with Hopkins, arriving just as Vespers finished, which would be at half-past three in the afternoon. They spoke to Canon Raynal who urged them not to delay their reception into the Church and gave each of them a Catholic catechism. It is true that Hopkins visited Belmont again, staying for Holy Week, 1867, with the monks, but he was then a Catholic and this cannot have been the occasion when Wood and he paid their brief visit. It may well be that the Diary omits mention of Wood from prudential reasons. Young men who were playing with the idea of going over to Rome had to be very circumspect and Hopkins, in recording that he was shown round by a French monk very kindly, has nothing to say about the subject of their conversation. His silence about Wood is therefore quite natural.

During that long vacation of 1866 Hopkins wrestled with his problem of conversion. In an early Diary¹ he had written: "Note that if ever I should have to leave the English Church the fact of Provost Fortescue (October 16 and 18, 1865) is to be got over." This mysterious allusion did not tempt the editor of the *Notebooks* into any explanation, but it can be said that since the publication of H. R. Brandreth's *Dr. Lee of Lambeth* it has been much clarified. 1865 was the year when the Association for Promoting Christian Unity, having in 1864 been forbidden to Catholics by the Holy Office, replied to the condemnation in a formal letter organized by Lee. As many Canons as possible were mustered to sign the letter, but only one Dean signed it and one Provost, E. B. Knottesford-Fortescue of St. Ninian's, Perth, who was the Master of the Association. The letter was sent to Rome during the summer of 1865 and a reply by Cardinal Patrizi was issued on 8 November of the same year. The days mentioned by Hopkins, 16 and 18 October, may relate to some preliminary intimation to

¹ *Notebooks*, p. 52.

Provost Fortescue that his appeal to the Vatican for a reconsideration of the condemnation had been rejected and to his public reaction to such a rebuff. In 1871 Fortescue himself became a Catholic, but for the moment the feeling of those Anglicans who had risked so much in making the appeal to Rome was high against the Pope. Manning was in Rome at the time receiving the pallium, and he had easy work convincing the Roman authorities that the appeal for a Uniate Church in England if granted would lead to the breakdown of clerical celibacy among his own clergy, for, in fact, some recalcitrant priests in the north had already begun to champion the idea of reunion with this precise end in view. Rome had shut the door, and an inquiring mind such as that of Hopkins could not but feel that if ever Rome were to be proved right in her claim to the truth, this particular episode would need some explaining away. It is clear from the records of converts received at Farm Street Church, in London, that many other inquirers thought the same, for the numbers of those annually received dropped in 1864 below one hundred for the first time since 1849 and did not reach that figure again until 1915.

In the long run, the rebuff that Rome had given to those seeking reunion was bound to cause the more logical of them to realize that Rome was acting from strength and not from weakness, and this is what Hopkins must have done if, as seems most probable, he was at first put off by the failure of the A.P.U.C. On 28 August, 1866, two months after the visit to Belmont, Hopkins could write to Newman: "By God's mercy I am clear as to the sole authority of the Church of Rome," suggesting at the same time that he should come to Birmingham and consult him about his becoming a Catholic. Wood, meanwhile, was fighting out his own conflict, and in great perplexity of mind wrote to Hopkins for some help. As Hopkins told Newman later: "When I wrote back, to his surprise, telling him I was a convert, he made up his own mind the next morning and is being received to-day."¹ Wood was staying with his mother in Notting Hill where she had taken a house while he was up at Oxford, and he had gone to St. Mary of the Angels, at Bayswater, to ask for admission to the Catholic Church. He returned to Oxford and a few days after term had begun he was allowed by his college to return to London for the week-end, being baptized by Dr. Robert Butler

¹ *Further Letters*, p. 20: letter of 15 October, 1866.

in the Bayswater church on the Monday morning, when the Feast of St. Teresa was being kept. After the ceremony was over—a ceremony at which Archbishop Manning had been present—the neophyte was called aside by the bony finger of the Archbishop and given the startling information that as a Catholic now it was plainly his duty not to return to Oxford. The blow must have thrown Wood into great confusion again; however, he did return to Oxford, where he heard the very different advice which Newman had given to his friend Hopkins: "Your first duty is to make a good class. Show your friends at home that your becoming a Catholic has not unsettled you in the plain duty that lies before you."¹ Rumours got about that Wood had returned to Anglicanism, but he was able to convince the Archbishop that there was no danger of that and the Archbishop confirmed him during the Christmas vacation following his reception into the Church. Hopkins was himself confirmed at the Bayswater church on 4 November of that year, a fortnight after his reception. One wonders whether he had a share in persuading the Oblates there that his friend Wood was in no danger of apostasy and prevailing upon Dr. Butler to present him for confirmation to the Archbishop a few weeks later. Residence at the University was primarily a matter for the Bishop of the diocese, in this case Dr. Ullathorne, to decide, though the Archbishop of Westminster could, and did, concern himself with it on account of its importance for Catholics all over England. The ban on Catholic attendance at Oxford or Cambridge was then no more than an official discouragement, pronounced by the Bishops at their meeting in 1864, of Catholic attendance at the universities. Just at the moment of the two friends' conversion Newman was planning to go to Oxford and start his Oratory there. The reply from Propaganda which granted his petition was dated 18 December, 1866. On 1 February of the next year Manning wrote to Talbot: "Dr. Newman is preparing Mr. John Towneley's son for Oxford, and my belief is that many of the boys at Edgbaston will go there. We are slipping sideways into the whole mischief."² Newman's petition had been sent up to Rome in June 1866, and the conversion of two such young men as Hopkins and Wood in the interim must have made many people wonder what might happen if Newman went there in person to reside.

¹ *Further Letters*, p. 257.

² *Life*, by Purcell, II, p. 298.

When Propaganda replied to Newman's petition, though the project of an Oratory had been approved, a note had been added for Bishop Ullathorne telling him that Newman was not to be allowed to go there in person. Thus, Rome said one thing and did another. This ban led to the postponement of the whole plan, and the Catholics of Oxford had to continue for ten years more using the little chapel of St. Ignatius that had been begun in St. Clement's by Fr. Charles Leslie, S.J., in 1785. The sign of the Port Mahon which greets the traveller who approaches Magdalen Bridge from the east will be familiar to many who never knew what the rather forbidding little building next door was used for. It was to this chapel that Hopkins and Wood came for their Sunday Mass during their last year of preparation for Greats at the University. There was only one Mass, at half-past ten, and so it was an easy matter for the University authorities to ascertain whether any of those *in statu pupillari* were being beguiled by the Scarlet Woman. One morning when the two were leaving the chapel they were accosted by the "bulldogs" and had their names taken, being given an appointment with the Junior Proctor for 9.15 the next morning. At this they were fined for their breach of University discipline in attending the chapel, and thus Hopkins joined so late in the day the band of Oxford Recusants which began with Cardinal Allen, Persons and Campion. The removal of religious tests was not far distant. In that very spring of 1867 Mr. Coleridge's Bill to effect this passed the Commons only to fail in the Lords, but another attempt in 1871 was to succeed effectively. Thus it was that although the Proctors kept up their petty warfare against the two converts for a few weeks it was soon realized that it would require more than a fine to deter them from attendance at Mass on Sundays. Wood had spoken of his conversion to the President of his college immediately after it had taken place, and the President was very angry. This may explain why Wood did not take his degree from Trinity after Greats in 1867 but took it in 1870 as a non-collegiate student.

After going down from Oxford Wood set out on a Grand Tour and eventually came to Rome where he met with an American, Thomas Leslie Kane (or McKean), a convert like himself, who proved to be a cousin, being descended from a Scottish family which had settled in Pennsylvania. Hence, Hopkins is found writing (on 12 February, 1868): "Wood is

going or gone to America for a visit."¹ The visit did not take place until 1870, after the Vatican Council had broken up. Wood on his return to England settled at Bath, where in April 1873 he married a Miss Fulton, of the Fultons of Grangehill in Ayrshire. Hopkins notes in his Diary that Wood visited him on 1 March, 1874 (when he was teaching at Roehampton), and mentions his marriage.² The editor of the *Notebooks* has made a strange confusion, giving to Wood in his index the names Francis John Adalbert, which he certainly never possessed. Wood was devoting his leisure to the production of a work on the Catholic memories of London streets, and in the autumn of that year a copy of the new book followed Hopkins to St. Beuno's whither he had gone on 28 August to begin his theological studies. The book, now seldom seen, is called *The Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London and its suburbs*, and is mapped out in nine walks. It has reminiscences of the Ages of Faith suggested by the various buildings met on the way. Occasionally the writer recalls other places he had visited, such as Godstow and South Leigh, both near Oxford, which he had probably visited in company with Hopkins. There are no sketches such as those with which Hopkins illustrated his Diary, but some of the comments on buildings are reminiscent of those made by Hopkins in his own travels. When describing Westminster Abbey he remarks, somewhat in the Hopkins manner:

Westminster is in proportion to its width the loftiest of our English churches. Ordinarily, given thirty feet of width to the central aisle, the height would be seventy feet in England, where the French architect would make it ninety.

The work was attacked by a Saturday reviewer and the author replied in a pamphlet of eighty-six pages which took the form of a Letter to Fr. Bridgett on the subject of ecclesiastical antiquities. This also found its way to St. Beuno's and one may be sure that letters were written to and fro, but none have survived. Wood died in 1912, and his wife in 1934, after which the family home was broken up and any surviving papers would then have perished. Being a somewhat reserved man, Wood may probably have destroyed personal letters much earlier, if not at the time they were received.

¹ *Further Letters*, p. 85.

² *Notebooks*, p. 188.

Wood lived for a time in Sussex, where Hopkins's friend Patmore used to visit him and insisted on reading poems to him, but for most of his life he lived in Hampstead, where von Hügel was his neighbour. Addis, another friend of Hopkins, was a frequent visitor in those parts, and one would gather the impression from Count de la Bedoyère's *Life of Baron von Hügel* that he must have been one of the local clergy. In fact, he was the parish priest of Lower Sydenham from 1878, when he left the Oratorians, until 1888, when he fell away from the Church, married, and went to Australia. The fact is that Addis frequented Wood's house in Hampstead, where he met the Baron, and that Wood strove manfully to save his friend from spiritual ruin, perhaps more manfully than the Baron himself, who in his diary claims to have understood him so exactly and to have foreseen his danger. Not long before his death in 1912 Wood visited Addis, who was by that time a lecturer at Manchester College, Oxford, and seems to have so far stirred him as to cause his return from a Unitarian position to an acceptance of the Church of England. After all it was of Wood that Hopkins wrote to Newman at the time of their conversion: "By a strange chance he met Addis in town, and Addis, who had put off all thought of change for a year, was by God's mercy at once determined to see a priest and was received at Bayswater the same evening."¹ Such sudden storms are short, and the poor, precipitate Addis, two years senior at the University to Hopkins and Wood, was spent before he came to the testing point of his race. Four and a half years before Addis's defection in 1888 von Hügel had given up all association with him: "I had my own health and the children's edification to think of, as well as him,"² but Wood's daughter can recall agonizing visits (she was perhaps fourteen at the time) when her father implored Addis not to say Mass since he was manifestly in such a wrong-headed frame of mind for doing so. The brief appearance of Hopkins in von Hügel's diary³ is probably due to the presence of Wood in the Hampstead picture. Hopkins was still keeping in touch with Wood in 1883, and in that year received a pamphlet from his friend on the question of University education for Catholics.⁴ The pamphlet was written in Italian (probably with the aid of an Italian priest in Rome who had been

¹ *Further Letters*, p. 20.

³ *Life*, p. 24.

² *Life*, p. 58.

⁴ *Further Letters*, p. 151.

Wood's tutor in the language during his stay there in 1868-69) and was clearly directed towards the formation of an enlightened opinion among Roman ecclesiastics upon the question of Catholic attendance at Oxford. The matter had been discussed by the English Bishops at their annual meeting that year and the Bishops had been invited by the Pope to write separately to him to express their mind on the question; a measure dictated by a desire to see if they were overawed in public by the strong views of Cardinal Manning. Wood's own memories of Manning's advice to himself made him an equally strong opponent of the Cardinal's views and this privately produced pamphlet made this felt in Rome where Manning no longer enjoyed the favour he had known in the days of Pio Nono.

Just before this Wood had ventured into Italian politics with a pamphlet, produced in an Italian and in an English version, on *The Pope and Italy*. The stagnation and ecclesiastical quietism which had come over the Cardinals when the Pope's imprisonment in the Vatican began in 1870 were gradually breaking up with the coming of a new Pope and with the death of many of the *miracolisti* who persisted in believing that the Providence of God was bound to intervene by miracle to save the Pope from the political situation in which he was placed. Wood's views by contrast give a very shrewd estimate of the realities of the situation and the policy he advocates comes very near to that actually followed by Pius XI in the signing of the Lateran Treaty.

Italy, if it may call itself the gaoler of the Pope, can with full truth be called the prisoner of the Pope and is as such hindered in the development of its political and national organization. . . .

If the Guarantees fail, the liberty of the Pope cannot be otherwise secured to the Catholic world than by restoring to him the sceptre; Italy, from reasons of State, from Italian public conscience, from European pressure, from the weariness and discontent of its population, likewise from the instinct of self-preservation, will be compelled to seek for itself a less dangerous capital and to initiate at the same time arrangements for a *modus vivendi* with the Holy See. And thus the reconciliation between the Pope and Italy will take place without shock, without the intervention of foreign armies, without violence of any kind. . . . The Pope will be sovereign in an independent Italy.

Apart from the idea of the dual capital (Rome and Vatican City),

which was probably due to the mind of Pius XI, the essentials of the Lateran Treaty are here.

Prudent foresight and independence of judgment made Wood free from the partisanship of the time. He did not allow Manning's rigidity to turn him into a fanatical admirer of Newman, for he once said to a friend about Newman's inopportunism at the time of the Vatican Council: "Let him sit for a few hours in Strasbourg Cathedral and get the ego out of him." Hopkins clearly valued his friendship. On the day when, in May 1868, he had applied to the Jesuit Provincial for admission as a novice, he went to talk things over with Wood and on returning home found the letter of acceptance from Fr. Weld waiting for him. The chapel of the Poor Clares, near Wood's first London home in Notting Hill, was known to Hopkins, too, in those early days of his Catholicism and it must have witnessed Wood's own early decisions as it certainly did a most vital one by Hopkins.

When Bridges mocked at Hopkins over Addis's defection in 1888¹ one may fairly suppose that Hopkins, isolated in Dublin, must have turned to Wood as the one man on the spot likely to be able to save Addis from his predicament. Hopkins had then but nine months more to live, and the knowledge of this clouding sorrow upon his friend's last days must have spurred Wood to heroic lengths in his attempts to assist Addis to recover himself, but the details of that story will never be known upon earth.

¹ *Letters to Bridges*, p. 298.

CREDULITY AND CRITICISM

By

C. C. MARTINDALE

CREDULITY IS A SIMPLE WORD, and means a readiness to believe a statement without due evidence. "Criticism" is more complex, because it has acquired a popular and unworthy sense other than the only proper one. The critic ought to be the man who "judges," who comes to no conclusion without having weighed the evidence as impartially as he can. Unfortunately, "to criticize" has tended to mean: "to find fault with"; a critic is one who picks holes in things: a "critical spirit" is felt to be somehow opposed to simplicity, docility, or reverence.

It is noticeable how much the abnormal (to use a colourless word) is being attended to and written about today. The approach to it will be either "credulous" or "critical." I do not dwell upon "indifference," because the indifferent do not approach to it at all. There are even among Catholics the two extremes—there are those who have an appetite for the miraculous and *wish* to see a miracle even when no adequate evidence for it has been adduced. There have never been lacking those who were ready to satisfy this appetite. This was done, long ago, almost innocently. A legend had to embellish history. Nothing might be known about a saint save a name, and that there was a tomb and a cult. Naturally the populace was dissatisfied with this, and *legenda* might be written either outright or as a combination of local traditions. The author would not consider he was telling lies, any more than the writers of apocryphal books did when they assigned the authorship to Enoch or even an Apostle. Unfortunately this divests the stories of many well-loved saints of much detail once accepted as historical, for example, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia. To compensate, not a few dossiers of the trials of early martyrs survive, to say nothing of the admirable letter about the Martyrs of Lyons, which are profoundly moving, but all too

little known. But, as the late Fr. Thurston wrote (in an unsigned letter in *The Tablet*, 20 November, 1937), a "fondness for improving upon God's handiwork . . . is an old and inveterate failing. It was St. Thomas More himself who said of [hagiographers] 'they have scarcely left a life of martyr or of virgin without foisting into it something untrue, piously, no doubt, for of course there was a danger that truth left to itself should not be able to stand upright: so that it was necessary to prop it up with lies.'" But by More's time the "critical spirit" was well awake, though justifiable conclusions could seldom be come to for lack of research. True, it was often vitiated by the spirit of mockery and the *a priori* incredulity of Protestant partisans (which is only credulity upside-down) and by the survival of much superstition, especially in regard of relics, to which travel-books for a long time bore plenty of witness.

"Culture" itself, combined with the desire to edify at all costs, interfered with the accurate transmission of evidence. If a saint's letters were not thought "literary" enough, they were "improved" by some editor: St. Francis Xavier's were enormously padded and lost all their vivacity. We are fortunate that in our own time the writings of St. Margaret Mary, St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross have been so carefully published. But how recent is the habit of quoting accurately! Apparently Aristotle almost never quotes Homer accurately, and we understand that St. Alphonsus still felt satisfied if he gave the general sense—so far as he remembered it and as it suited his thesis—of some Father he was quoting. Writers were, too, often afraid of offending some grandee—a Borgia or a Gonzaga—and given to imputing motives to their subject which, they hoped, would edify. Thus we were told that St. Aloysius refused help in taking his stockings off, lest an inch of his bare skin be seen. But I think we may hold it more probable that the saint, on his way to Rome after his abdication, was determined to be no more *valedet*, and that since he was for the first time wearing cloth stockings, not silk, and since his fingers were stiff with the bitter cold, he found it hard to roll them off, but none the less refused to be helped. (That too is an "imputation of motive": we can but judge which we think the more likely.) I have sometimes wanted to make a list of the unexpected things ascetic saints asked for to eat when they were near death: St. Francis of Assisi and his almond

paste; St. John of the Cross and his asparagus; St. Camillus and his Bologna sausages, which had in fact to be brought all the way to Rome! It is good to know that these mystics had their likings and did not always reject them; whether or no St. Bernard observed his surroundings, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross wished their convents to have wide fine views.

The Church wishes all evidence about the "marvellous" to be most scrupulously sifted. This means that we must try to find exactly what was said, by whom, to whom, as nearly as possible at the time of the marvellous occurrence, and quote it without adorning the evidence by any ornamental adjectives, and certainly without suppressing what is inconvenient. Even when the Church allows a story to be circulated, as containing nothing contrary to faith or morals, and indeed to be believed if after serious research one thinks one has prudent grounds for doing so, she neither does nor can go guarantee for the historical truth of the narrative as though it were an article of faith. Indeed, the Church seems to sit lightly to the historical details of events such as apparitions, even when they issue into a cult that she may permit. Thus in February 1876, a girl called Estelle Faguette, at Pellevoisin in France, began to have visions, to make prophecies, and so forth. Diocesan approval was hesitating; then a canonical investigation was begun but later was suspended. In January 1900, Estelle was taken to Rome and showed Leo XIII a scapular she had made and asked if he would approve it as the only scapular of the Sacred Heart. He said he would. In April the Congregation of Rites approved a scapular with the Sacred Heart on one side and Our Lady on the other, under the title of *Mater Misericordiae*, and alluded to St. Margaret Mary but not to Pellevoisin and in fact avoided quoting the Apparition's own words: "I am all-merciful." Further, in 1904, 1907, 1926, Rome insisted that the approbation intended no approval "direct or indirect, of any apparitions, revelations or miracles of healing." Indeed, in 1926, the Holy Office urged priests not to discuss the apparitions, "in order that they may be forgotten." This they are not, for the chapel of the apparitions subsists, nuns live in a convent attached to it, and pilgrims (though in no great numbers) visit "Our Lady of Pellevoisin." It will be remembered, also, that Pius XI paid no attention to Lucia of Fatima's demand (1929) that he and all the bishops of the world should consecrate Russia to the Immacu-

late Heart on an identical day; and that during the war the name "Russia" was eliminated from the accounts of Fatima; and that after it Pius XII did indeed consecrate the *world* with special allusion to Russia, though without naming it, to the Immaculate Heart in 1942. Lucia says that in 1940 she had made this second petition, affirming that this was the "exact request" made by Our Lady. Yet, to Fr. McGlynn, O.P., she said that the Holy Father had *not* consecrated Russia "in the official way that Our Lady had asked for."¹ His companion then asked: "Do you think Our Lady's request has been complied with?" She answered: "As Our Lady made it, no. Whether she accepted the consecration made in 1942 as fulfilling her wish, I don't know." I cannot now see how to harmonize these statements.

I recently encountered *The Sun Danced at Fatima*, by J. A. Pelletier.² Its sub-title is: A critical story of the Apparitions, and the author often emphasizes the "critical" character of his book. He has displayed vast industry, has twice visited Fatima, and spent a week with the Bishop of Leiria where he consulted Lucia's *mémoirs* in the original, and interviewed everyone he could, including the Administrator, Santos, who kidnapped the children (we assume their story to be sufficiently known). He adds notes with many references, especially to Lucia's *mémoirs*, in particular to the fourth, written in 1941-42.

Now I cannot persuade myself that it is "critical" to interweave statements made at intervals during a quarter of a century with those made in 1917, especially as the earliest interrogations made by Canon Formigão at the very time of the apparitions are not quoted in the text though not seldom alluded to here and there in the notes. This implies the assumption that Lucia in no way modified her memories during all those years, which would be so surprising as to verge on a continuous miracle, especially as her way of expressing herself naturally changed so completely after her long residence in a convent and reading of pious books. Moreover, she granted often that she could not remember this or that, could not understand or explain, and in fact sometimes contradicted herself.³ I am far from undervaluing Fr. Pelletier's

¹ See his *Vision of Fatima* (1948), p. 92, and the present writer's *Message of Fatima* (1950), p. 163.

² The Paternoster Publications, 67 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

³ Thus just before 13 October Canon Formigão asked Lucia if she saw signs, a star, and roses "detaching themselves" (falling?) from the lady's dress.

book, or again, from proposing to make a list of the points that a truly "critical" book ought, I think, to have discussed. But I may mention that the "sheeted form" seen thrice "*last year*," *i.e.* in 1916, said Lucia's mother to the Canon, has now been relegated to 1915; I find no evidence for this in the earlier documents and trust it is not due to a desire to prevent its overlapping with the triple apparition of an Angel, which Lucia afterwards described. The author rightly preserves the angelic formula: "by the infinite merits of His most sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," though others have felt they ought to "correct" this and add "by the intervention of the Immaculate Heart" (Barthas), "by the intercession of . . ." (Fonseca). Lucia said that the Lady asked them to come on six consecutive months, "Then I will tell you who I am and what I want. Then I will return *here* again a seventh time." But there has hitherto been no record of a seventh visit; however, Fr. Pelletier says that he heard from "a very reliable person" who heard it from Lucia in 1946 that she *did* see Our Lady at the Cova which she visited with her mother when leaving Aljustrel for school.¹ On pages 27-29 we have a long description of the "Prior's" interior anxieties when Maria Rosa was bringing Lucia and Jacinta, whom the author omits, on 14 June, and says that he had a "gentle air and seemed almost timid" when they came; a "particularly kind smile" lit his face and he questioned Lucia with "great kindness and amiability" and "extreme graciousness." This seems to me the exact opposite to the story as at first told, partly by Ti Marto himself. When I was in Portugal for the second time, I was puzzled to hear that the Administrator steadily denies having put the children into prison. Fr. Pelletier went to see him on 30 July, 1950, and it turns out that they were put into a room in the town hall opposite the Administrator's own office, which was "used as a prison in 1917."² The fact, then, lies "half-way." We must not imagine a dreadful gaol, but a room across a corridor from a town hall office.

It remains that at the time Lucia said, on 13 October, to Formigão who asked if Our Lady would return: "I don't think she "I saw no star nor other signs." But in 1921 she told an artist there were three stars about the size of a watch, at the waist, towards the knees, and near the hem. Finally she has decided that there was only one star, near the hem, and described its colour exactly to Fr. McGlynn.

¹ P. 139, note 5.

² P. 153, note 4.

will. She said nothing about it." And Jacinta: "She said before that it was the last time she would come, and today, too, she said it was the last time." I do not dwell on the seeming clash between the children's being sure that the apparition was Our Lady and Lucia's declaration (27 September) that the Lady said, in answer to her inquiries as to who she was, that she would tell them "only on October 13th," but I resent Canon Barthes's omission of the word "only" in his account of this. This is neither credulity nor criticism but evasion. Nor do I dwell on the extremely decorated version of the solar phenomenon of 13 October, if only because different people saw different things, and some, nothing at all. Even putting all the various accounts of the phenomenon together, I could not construct pages like 124 and 125. Only one person (Senhor Mendes) can be quoted, so far as I know, as saying that the sun looked like a red ring, empty in the middle; that the sun fell in zigzags was said by a missionary priest in India who saw it when a child from some kilometres' distance, and this is now corroborated by his brother, also a priest from India,¹ but by no one else, I think, so that it is wrong of Canon Barthes to say that "all without exception" saw this happen; in fact Fr. Rambaud, O.P., quotes witnesses who say the sun approached *doucement . . . peu à peu*. Probably Fr. Pelletier, when mentioning that "some works . . . have published a picture of the sun itself during the second phase of the miracle. It looks very much like a picture of the sun at full eclipse," had not yet heard that those three photos were taken not at the Cova, not on 13 October, not at noon but at sunset, simply because the "atmospheric conditions" resembled those of the great day. Had the sun not been "blacked out" it would have been hard to tell where it was. But the photos have their value since they show the sky full of drifting clouds, which indeed it was, and all accounts which speak of the "dazzling empyrean" and so on must be disregarded. In her most recent *mémoir* Lucia writes that Our Lady said to her that "the war is going to end and the soldiers will soon return to their homes." This, we are told, differs from what she said before; and in fact Jacinta said on 13 October that Our Lady said the war was ending *that day*. Upset by this, the Canon returned to Aljustrel on 19 October and questioned Lucia first: the child insisted thrice that Our

¹ P. 163, note 7.

Lady said the war was ending that same day, the thirteenth; Jacinta became confused, and repeated that the Lady had said the war would end if people amended their ways; else, the world would end . . . that she said it would end when she went to heaven. "But the war has not ended!" "It is ending! It is ending!" "But *when* will it end?" "I think it will end on Sunday." Fr. Pelletier does indeed say that this topic of the ending of the war and the "divergency in these various reports has caused considerable discussion," adding that Fr. De Marchi and Fr. Da Fonseca adopt Lucia's final *mémoir* and that the question is studied "at some length" by the former. But in a book essentially claiming to be critical ought we not to be given reasons for the adoption of a version written so long after the event while the contemporary interrogations by Canon Formigão are hardly mentioned at all? Frankly, it is these, and the brusque childish replies, which impress me far more than Lucia's conventionalized and even rhetorical reports written in her convent. And we deserve to be given at least a hint as to why the reports were divergent.

We think, then, that careful criticism is demanded by reverence itself, and even, that Catholics should take the wind out of the sails of the incredulous critic by anticipating the strongest arguments he can allege and seeing whether they are based on the assumption that miracles cannot happen and therefore do not, and making sure that we ourselves are not neglecting psychological or other considerations that might be adduced on either side. Here Lucia herself is of help to us. Thus while she gave the minutest directions to Fr. McGlynn as to how he must sculpt the Lady's dress, she *also* insisted that the Vision was "all of light," "undulating" light, and that the apparitions near the sun were "changes of light," that (1924) they "could not look at will because there was such a brilliance" (*resplendor*): she often said that "it seems to me that I saw"; that there were many things she could not understand, explain, or remember exactly: that she could give only the "sense" of what she heard.¹ I think that all this gives us real ground for surmising that the children's experiences may have been like St. Teresa's, when she says of "seen" apparitions: "Although I call it a 'picture,' you must not suppose that it looks like a painting. Christ appears as a living

¹ It is interesting that St. Bernadette said she "saw" with "mes yeux," but "heard" what Our Lady said "here," in her heart.

person." Yet even so she says that she has never seen a "corporeal" vision of Our Lord. It is, I think, admitted by all that God can act directly on the senses which then stir the intelligence, though even then ideas have to be clothed in words as best the recipient can; but also, He can act directly on the soul, which will then, as best it can, put its experience into ideas, and then (if the experience is to be made public or even imagined) into forms expressing shapes, colours and so forth. Lucia's statement that she could not give Our Lady's exact words—"it was rather the sense that came to me and I put what I understood into words"—seems to support the suggestion that it was thus indeed that she received her heavenly communication, even though at other times she said that she repeated Our Lady's *exact* words (not that she did it always in the same way).

No such suggestion is meant to imply a disbelief in the reality of the supernatural nature of the Fatima experiences any more than those of Lourdes which (I venture to repeat) have from youth been a deep assistance to me. But the history of Lourdes is simplicity itself compared with that of Fatima, though I have tried to discuss its records in my mind as carefully as I have tried to study those of Fatima. I know I do not want to be credulous, but also, any critic (in the honest sense) of a marvellous happening must from the outset be ready to think that his view of what seems to him probable may be quite mistaken.

TWO PLAYS OF RESIGNATION

By
RUSSELL KIRK

AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, two new plays suffused with a religious spirit were performed—although neither of them was exhortatory: Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk* and Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff's *Fotheringhay*. In form, *The Confidential Clerk* is a comedy; *Fotheringhay*, a history. Neither play aspires to the state of tragedy; yet both are written in sorrow, and both produce, in different ways, a catharsis.

The sinister suggestions latent in Mr. Eliot's title are not realized: for the confidential clerk is simply a man of business, and all the characters are people ordinary enough, with the partial exception of Colby, the new clerk. Their ordinariness, indeed, is the cause of their unhappiness, and provides the play with its principal theme: the prison of Self. Sir Claude Mulhammer the financier, and his flighty wife Lady Elizabeth, and his protégés Lucasta Angel and Colby, and B. Kaghan the rising young broker, do not understand one another, or themselves, or even from whence they came. The younger people know that they were born out of wedlock, but apprehend little enough else about their world. Sir Claude, in the first act, declares that his principle of action is always to assume that he understands nothing about any man he meets, but that the other man sees into *him* thoroughly; yet even this premise betrays Mulhammer in the end, until he cries, with his eyes shut, "Is Colby coming back?"—knowing now that even the presumed existence of his own son had been an illusion for twenty-five years.

These people, the wrack of broken families, specimens of a generation without certitudes or continuity with the past are involved in the very oldest of dramatic plots—mistaken identity, the missing son, and the comedy of errors. Mr. Eliot revives these devices ingeniously, doubtless with some pleasure in his

anachronisms; and, perhaps consciously, he has written whole speeches that could have been the work of Wilde, and others that could have been Shaw's, and others Ibsen's. Lady Elizabeth, with her "mind study," her Swiss clinics, and her intuitions, would have done credit to Wilde; the bond between Lucasta and Colby, broken by Colby's discovery that they may be brother and sister, has a Shavian touch; while through all three acts, sombrely, the echo of *The Wild Duck* whispers that the truth we seek about ourselves may be our undoing. When all is over, Colby and Lucasta and Kaghan, at least, do know who they are, and in some degree realize their end in life, but they accept the discovery of their true nature with resignation, rather than relief; and upon them all, though most heavily upon Sir Claude Mulhammer, descends a consciousness of the vanity of human wishes.

Everyone in the play (except, perhaps, old Eggerson, the retiring clerk, with his wife and garden and simple virtues) is haunted by a terrifying loneliness and a regret for talents frustrated. Even accomplishment in the arts (Mulhammer would have liked to be an accomplished potter, and Colby a great organist and composer) generally is baffled by the spirit of our age, Mr. Eliot seems to suggest. These people are what Burke called the flies of a summer, unable to link with dead generations or those yet unborn, without memories or high hope. They are seeking for continuity, status, faith; and, beyond all these (though only Colby, perhaps, knows this) some assurance that their lives *matter*, and that the barriers which separate every man from his fellows are transcended by a Reality more than human.

In structure, *The Confidential Clerk* is close to *The Importance of Being Earnest*, even to the revelations in the last act by the old nurse (or rather, here, Mrs. Guzzard, the foster-mother); and it is possible to laugh at certain lines and certain characters. Yet the man who sees *The Confidential Clerk* laughs only like Democritus, at the pathos of all earthly things, for in its essence this play is sad, profoundly sad, as sad as *The Wasteland*. In the second act, especially, occur lines of great tenderness and pathos, as when Lucasta comes to believe that she understands Colby and herself, and is on the brink of self-realization—and this is overwhelmed, in the next instant, by disillusion, or rather illusion of a different sort. Throughout the play, Mr. Eliot treats these people with a

noble mercy and sympathy; they become lovable, indeed, all of them. From Sir Claude to Mrs. Guzzard, they are men and women of kindly natures, honest inclination, and generous hearts. But, being human, they are heir to all the imperfections of the spirit and the flesh; thus they cannot escape the rootlessness of their time, nor the sense of talents run to waste, nor the prison of Self. They do not know themselves or the nature of being.

Lucasta thinks that Colby is different from all the rest of them, for he can withdraw from their midst into his garden of the imagination, a sanctuary from the material world of desolation; but Colby himself knows better: his garden of the mind is as lonely as the real world without. If Colby had conviction of an abiding reality that transcends the Wasteland—why, then, indeed, he never would be solitary in his realm of imagination, for “God would walk in my garden.” Lacking this faith, however, the man is left melancholy and unnerved, deprived of love, and scarcely caring who his parents may be. We see him, near the end of the third act, groping toward a churchly vocation; yet only Eggerson, the practical old clerk, has come close to understanding Colby. Lucasta, turning back to Kaghan for some sense of affection and belonging, thinks that Colby needs no human company, being secure in the citadel of self-knowledge; she does not know how like a citadel is to a prison.

Although successful enough as a dramatic production, *The Confidential Clerk* will be remembered more for its occasional lines of melancholy beauty and its penetration into the recesses of Self than as a neat and close-knit play; nor is it, I am inclined to believe, likely to be considered one of Mr. Eliot's principal works. Yet I am not sure of this last: this is a play which touches most movingly upon the sources of longing and the need for enduring love, and so bears the mark of a man of genius.

Resignation is what Colby and Lucasta attain in *The Confidential Clerk*; and Christian resignation in a great queen is the theme of *Fotheringhay*. Mary Stuart had been a prisoner for nearly twenty years when she was brought to the block at Fotheringhay Castle—noblest, like her grandson, in the hour of her death. “In my end is my beginning,” was what she said; the words have rung true; and in Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's play we see her when that end is close at hand, in November 1586, with sentence of death

hanging over her, though Elizabeth has not signed the warrant. The action, representing only a few hours, occurs wholly in Mary's state apartment at Fotheringhay, and (what is unique in plays about the Queen of Scots) remains wholly faithful to history, no liberties being taken with characters or events, even to the denial of certain dramatic opportunities. Except for the Queen's subduing of her own pride and her resignation to her end, there is no development in *Fotheringhay*: the course of things is beyond the influence of anyone there, even beyond Sir Amyas Paulet, the keeper of Fotheringhay; and Mary's cause had fallen to its final ruin long, long before, when Morton hanged Kirkcaldy of Grange upon the rock at Edinburgh. Mundane hope never touches this dark castle. Yet the heroic soul of Mary, crushing down despair even though she is broken in body and in prospects, triumphs over the damp walls of Fotheringhay and the tooth of Time.

Now here, clearly, are limitations to try the talents of any dramatist; moreover, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff has confined himself to a handful of characters (the Queen, her two ladies, her doctor, her jailer, an officer of the guard—and three phantoms); he attempts a theme which has been worked upon by poets and playwrights since Schiller; and he chooses to write in unrhymed verse. Perhaps most people who went to see *Fotheringhay* had prepared themselves, then, for a comparative failure of good intentions. Nothing of the sort occurred: *Fotheringhay* is a successful play, strongly convincing, and leaving an impression that endures long. Here and there, room remains for some improvement in the stage production; now and then a line might be mended, perhaps. But the language of *Fotheringhay* is noble, eloquent, and moving; the drawing of character is executed with skill; and, more remarkable still, the play seems to move rapidly, despite the absence of action. Out of *Fotheringhay* a conscience speaks to a conscience. Its lines and its significance are courageous and manly. And apropos of prison-plays, it occurred to me, during the performance, how feeble a thing is *A Sleep of Prisoners* by the side of this drama.

In part, the illusion of action and swift passage of time is produced by two very good actresses: Miss Marie Ney as the Queen, majestic, charming still, though nearly purged of earthly dross; and Miss Catherine Lacey as Janet Kennedy, the Queen's

passionate adherent. These two bring life into the silent and ominous audience-chamber. But the problem of action and development is solved also, in this play, by Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's necromancy: he gives *Fotheringhay* historical depth by conjuring up three ghosts, in the second act, to try the soul of Mary and to illuminate, by their reflections, the meaning of her life. Though they are merely of the order of ghosts that dwell in the brooding minds of men still on earth, shades of the dead we have known, still upon the stage they assume a substance and vigour which lets them tower above the pallid and dying Queen, as weary of life as these shadows are eager to snatch at it. For Mary, the rude and violent Past has more reality now than the doomed and motionless Present.

These visions from the abyss are John Knox, Lady Margaret Douglas, and Bothwell. It might have been interesting to pit the Queen's directness and even rashness of mind against the shade of Maitland of Lethington, her Machiavellian adherent or enemy, as expediency dictated; but probably it would have been too much to expect even a Scottish audience to know enough of Lethington to enter satisfactorily into this colloquy. Though in some respects the dialogue between Mary and Knox is the finest part of all the play, upon the stage the scene might have been better contrived: Knox sits down upon a bench, for instance, which seemed out of character in that terrible and restless preacher, and makes him altogether too substantial for a shade. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff catches masterfully the tone of Knox's eloquence:

"I was God's humble servant and in me
Shone forth his vengeance on an evil age.
I came to castigate and cast down pride,
To stir repentance from the fuming pot
Of courtiers' fripperies and Frenchy talk.
I came as Balaam came to warn,
And Jonah to the Ninevites,
To scourge your lechery and lust
And tell your beauties that their cheeks and hair
Go down to worms and dust."

In his stage-directions, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff refers to the shade of Knox as "only occasionally revealing itself as ludicrous and even, to the compassionate, pathetic." There were touches of the ludicrous and the pathetic in the real Knox, very probably—even

in that fierce and fearless man who flung down church and state and recast the character of a whole nation; but it is extremely difficult to represent such intricacies in a few minutes' time upon a stage. For all that, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff understands Knox, faithfully reproducing his style of argument, which was all passion and denunciation, a world away from the logic-chopping of Calvin. Anyone who reads the colloquies between Knox and Lethington, as recorded in Knox's own *History of the Reformation*, will perceive how impossible it was for Mary's words to make any impression upon the inexorable preacher, convinced of the infallibility of his own conscience; and in such fashion their discourse proceeds in this play.

Lady Margaret Douglas, Mary's jailer in Loch Leven long before and always Mary's hard hater—for she would have had her own son Moray upon the throne—comes next, in this succession of shadows, and counsels the Queen to seek life at any cost, without regard for regal dignity—and slinks back into the Past, baffled by the Queen's resolution. Then dead Bothwell stalks into the hall, hard and rapacious as in life, to reproach Mary for failing him and their common cause, by denying him her submission which rape could not enforce, and thus unmanning him; repelling Bothwell, Mary casts off the errors of her old self:

"There cries the voice of ugly sentiment!"
All the deranged possessiveness of man,
The lush ambition and the gilded letch
That make parade of constancy and honour
To set a human heaven against God,
While justifying every crime and lie
That plays the pander to an arch-desire!
Yet mine's the shame that ever I did yield.

At the end of these visions of the night, the Queen cries out, and her attendants hurry to her; but even this poor remnant of a court will not be hers long. Her doctor no longer can search for herbs to ease her pain; her dais is pulled down by order of the Council; her lady Janet is nearly banished from Fotheringhay, saved only by the Queen's entreaty for Janet's sake; and, toward the end, the keeper of Fotheringhay orders her bed to be draped in black. All these indignities Mary meets with that high courage her house commonly showed in adversity, and with a dignity

unbroken, confident to the last of her cause's righteousness and great in her royal authority that no mere man might justly sweep away. Sir Amyas Paulet, portrayed as the man history shows him to have been, is a cross-grained old gentleman, not pleased with his responsibilities, but determined to follow to the letter the instructions of Elizabeth and the Council; Mr. Scott-Moncrieff refrains from the opportunity to exercise dramatic licence by representing Paulet as won over, like other men before him, by Mary's charm and courage.

In the concluding act, the Queen has attained the resignation, that triumph over pride and love of life, which is the greatest victory of all her turbulent days; she waits upon God. Jesting and singing, Mary endeavours to cheer her women with the warmth of her own great heart. Janet asks her if she finds it easy to think on death; and Mary replies,

"Not easy,
I am still happed in my rebellious flesh
That like a horse ill-broken starts
Incontinent at fear afresh.
But Christ, my rein, will check my pace
To teach me walk in His humility."

Then, in the distance, the trumpet sounds which signifies that her sentence of death is proclaimed in every market-place.

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff means his play to be a vindication of a great-souled queen and indomitable woman whose memory romantic biographers and partisan historians have distorted out of all meaning. Mary Queen of Scots, like us all, sinned more than once; but her sins were not what Knox thought they were; and her virtues were of an order so superior to the temper of her age that when the axe fell at Fotheringhay, she stood utterly alone, not a sword drawn on all the Border for rescue or vengeance. *Fotheringhay* is a play written with a burning honesty, and in a style worthy of its subject. It deserves to be seen in more places than Edinburgh.

CARSON THE REBEL

MR. HYDE'S *Carson*¹ is perhaps the best political biography which has come out of Ireland in our time. Biography needs more than a cause and a series of political incidents, however epic. It needs character, personality, not without a touch of tragedy. For that reason the only first-rate biographical timber in modern Ireland has proceeded from the careers of Wilde, Parnell and Carson. It would be difficult to say which of those three Irishmen distracted the simple and bewildered Saxon most. Means somewhat despicable were found of getting rid of Parnell and Wilde. Neither Asquith nor Lloyd George nor all the forces or cajolments of the Government ever ridded them of Carson. They eventually gave him his least terms. With the accession of Carson the Ulster Protestants for the first time possessed a dramatic and determined leader. It is difficult to point out that he ever made a tactical mistake. In his dealings with Redmond he resembled a contemptuous greyhound making circles round a hypnotized hare. In many ways he came closer to the Irish or Celtic temperament. He was remote from being an Englishman with his hysterical idealism, refusal to compromise and would-be martyr's obstinacy. His politics were thoroughly Irish, as the baffled English learnt through bitter years of peace and war. Carson was loyal to his friends in the spirit of the Celtic chief to his clan. The quintessence of the Irish political spirit was expressed in the words of an American-Irish ward manager, "What is the Constitution between friends?"

The British Constitution is democratic and proceeds on a series of rules as long and as jealously guarded as those of cricket. Some of these, safeguarding the country from civil war, were certainly infringed by Carson. He seems to have claimed the Irish right of rebellion when he could not work the despised English Constitution in his favour. At one moment he was writing contemptuously to Lady Londonderry about King George V (whom he troubled far more than Redmond ever did): "I am told he is saturated with the idea of 'constitutionalism' which he translates into doing everything his Prime Minister tells him. What a good King!"

Belfast loyalty, of course, is conditional. A sovereign who signed a Home Rule Bill for a United Ireland would find himself (as the old war-cry described), "kicked with his Crown into the Boyne." That he was Irish at heart, especially in matters legal, appears in a spicy anecdote.

Carson asked at what stage a trial in England began.

¹ *Carson*, by H. Montgomery Hyde (Heinemann 25s).

"Oh, when the jury is sworn," replied the Englishman.

"That's curious," remarked Carson. "With us it's all finished when that business is over."

In the same way the Ulster problem was settled or deadlocked not in the debates of Parliament or in the Dublin Convention. It was all finished in the Belfast Lodges before Parliament sat.

If the English never understood Carson, Carson was not always aware of the Irish proverb which bids Irishmen beware of the kick of a horse or the smile of an Englishman. Sir William Harcourt warned Carson generously on his arrival:

"Sooner or later there is going to be a terrible disillusion for you. The Conservatives, mark my word, never yet took up a cause without betraying it in the end, and I don't think you will betray it with them." When the final settlement with Ireland came nearly thirty years later, Carson had occasion ruefully to remember this prophecy.

When England and the Conservative Party were imploring Carson to give in to Redmond sufficiently to permit a token United Ireland to be signalled to an indignant and protesting United States, Carson declined to believe that his "duty," considered in his heart of hearts, should lead him to betray his friends. Much as the majority of Irishmen regretted Carson's obduracy they understood it. They would have done the same.

The pity was that Redmond and Carson were never able to accept each other's suggestions, for they respected and liked each other. This respect dated from the Parnellite split, when a creditable exchange occurred.

"Well, John Redmond," said Carson, "are you going to desert your leader in his hour of need?"

"No," Redmond replied. "Would I be leaving him because of the love of his life?"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Carson.

Carson could not complain that England did not give him, an adventurous Irish barrister, an exciting series of *causes célèbres*, including the trial of Lord Queensberry when accused by Oscar Wilde, and the trial of the George Chapman who turned out to be "Jack the Ripper."

But history will only require of Carson his actions and words in the Irish politics of his day.

Mr. Hyde has made out a magnificent case for Carson worthy of his magnificent career. No one can refuse admiration for his idealistic, unselfish and undeviating struggle for the Ulster Protestants. He

gave up everything for them. He could have been an English Lord Chancellor and possibly a Prime Minister. He refused to release himself from the great but unsalaried and unofficial post of Ulster's leader. His greatest enemies and bitterest critics realized that he was the greatest leader that Ireland had produced since Parnell.

The well-meaning gentlemanly Redmond seemed like a weak rag floating between the violent tides which submerged Irish politics. But Carson almost impossibly blocked the very tide that was flowing towards a unified Irish federation or dominion. There was never a mention of a Republic till 1916, and until every word of the Republican proclamation had been soaked in blood, there was no practical politics in the idea.

The exchanges between Redmond and Carson were always manerly but unlucky. Whenever one made an offer, the other at that time was not in a position to accept it.

In the last days before the outbreak of the First World War a secret but desperate conference was held under the King's wise auspices in Buckingham Palace. Carson then suggested that if Home Rule was to be granted at all, the whole of Ulster should be excluded—"If this were done generously, then there would be a likelihood within a reasonable time of Ulster being willing to come into a United Ireland." This plan Redmond and Dillon were willing to adopt, but they stated that they were not free agents. To propose it would mean they would be "without a party either in Ireland or elsewhere." As a matter of fact, this was their position at the end of the Dublin Conference of 1918 when Redmond sadly admitted "I am a leader without a party," and withdrew to die a few weeks later.

Historian and politician must sometimes ask: did it really surpass the combined wit and wisdom of men to find a compromise or even a token-peace in Irish politics? Between the two General Elections of 1910 the English Conservative leaders like F. E. Smith (Birkenhead) and Austen Chamberlain were advocating a coalition of Tory and Liberal towards "a reasonable federal solution of the Irish difficulty." This was Lloyd George's view and his Party would be thereby rid of the Irish Parliamentary incubus. Balfour himself was inclined to leave it to the youngest members of his Party. He himself could not become "another Robert Peel in my Party." What blood and fire, misunderstandings and frustrations, murders and executions, burnings and wastes of national energy might have been avoided, if this simple course had been adopted. It is true that both Redmond and Carson received the rumour with the utmost misgivings. Each believed they were about to be betrayed by one English Party or other! Suspicion is the ever crumbling mortar of Irish politics.

After the General Election, Carson threatened that the Ulstermen

would not yield their birthright, "not one inch without a struggle." But he did not qualify the word "struggle," whether it was to be constitutional or the occasion of civil war. Civil war presumes arms, and the vital moment in Carson's life and in the history of modern Ireland came when Carson assured Major Fred Crawford on the question of importing arms from Germany into Ireland with, "I'll see you through this business, if I should have to go to prison for it."

Prison, perhaps, would have been a light punishment for so monstrous a crime as allowing arms to be imported into an unarmed country. As soon as Carson gave his assent, Crawford left for Hamburg, the spiritual home of so many gunrunners. The Germans were delighted to oblige, and wearily the followers of Redmond followed suit. Nationalist arguments, emotions and gunrunning are naturally excluded from this book, which historically is full of gaps. But as biography it fulfils all that historians can demand.

Crawford was an admirable tool, half fanatic and half filibuster. We are told that as a young man he had once plotted the kidnapping of Gladstone as a means of averting Home Rule. The Grand Old Man was to be conveyed to an island in the Pacific and left with a Bible and a Homer until his powers of robbing honest Belfast merchants of their sleep came to a natural end.

Well, he brought in the rifles and ammunition like a Sunday School Sir Galahad and a modern Cromwellian who trusted in Carson but kept his powder dry. When Mary Spring Rice and Captain Gordon Shephard later brought in rifles to arm the Irish Volunteers, it was clear that the Belfastmen were thoroughly justified in their precautions to be armed before the dastardly Papists and constitutional Home Rulers had made arrangements in Belgium to implement Mr. Asquith's rather elementary Bill for Home Rule!

Thenceforth the destiny of Ireland was no longer tossed upon the debates of Parliament. It passed down the darker and less predictable eddies of Irish controversy and conflict.

Carson was the only man in Ireland or England who could have withheld the arming, but unlike Daniel O'Connell he believed that his version of liberty was worth a drop of blood.

On the whole he played a direct and determined game, whereas his antagonists were divided into Party or Sinn Fein. Even the wretched Southern Unionists, whom he allowed to be abandoned, were divided after the Convention. Carson had a certain contempt for them, declaring, "the Southern Unionists lost their courage. They gave their case away. I do not believe they represented anybody but themselves." But did the Ulstermen represent anybody but themselves?

However, others besides Lord Midleton and the scattered Protestants of the South were to discover that a supreme general knows

how to sacrifice troops tactically in order to acquire strategic victory. The Orangemen of the three Ulster counties, Cavan, Donegal and Monaghan, were accordingly thrown to the Southern wolves, who, with the development of their own interlupine war, became too busy to notice the prey who had been thrown to them! The Treaty had come, for England, patient and alarmed, suddenly forced the issue on all alike, both Sinn Fein and Covenanter. It is now old history how the majority of the Southern Irish accepted the Treaty under weariness and pressure, while a Republican minority, like Carson in the North, decided they had been infamously betrayed.

Yet Carson had little cause to blame himself. He had achieved exactly what he had demanded from Lloyd George during the War (14 February, 1918), when he wrote:

"I have already under great difficulty induced Ulster in the interest of the prosecution of the War to accept a solution on the basis of the exclusion of the Six Counties, which meant that the rest of Ireland could have Home Rule. Such a solution preserved the Union for the vast majority of those who desired it.

"The only other possible solution seems to me to lie in a system of Federation for the whole of the United Kingdom. . . ."

Carson was no bigot. Protestants who have been reared in Southern Ireland seldom are. Catholics gratefully remember his inspired courage in conducting the Archer-Shee case and by sheer legal ability and belief in the justice due to a minor Dreyfus saving the honour of a young naval cadet who had always satisfied his Jesuit teachers at Stonyhurst. It is curious for those who recollect both *causes célèbres* to compare the different attitudes of the British public. When Dreyfus was condemned on a forgery, unhappily maintained by the military bureaucracy and most French Catholics, the British public passed into hypocritical hysterics. But when a Catholic naval cadet was condemned without appeal and the injustice maintained by the Admiralty bureaucracy, it needed the leader of Protestant Ulster to fight them into abject surrender and payment of costs and damages. The case, which was a triumph for Carson, has been dramatized on the stage as *The Winslow Boy*.

There were few great criminal or libel cases in which Carson did not take part. He lived more lives than one, and he must have been amongst those who die more deaths than one. Highly strung, intensely nervous, quixotically devoted to the cause of the moment, blindly committed to the belief of Ulster right or Ulster wrong, he relieved himself in passionate tears or the bitterest sarcasm. Whether the reader agrees with him or not, it is impossible for Catholic or Irishman not to sympathize with him and to wish to Heaven he had been on their side.

Needless to say he woke to emotional alarm over the Alternative Prayer Book which troubled the Church of England in 1927. It is difficult to know why members of the Church of Ireland should be distressed by the ritual of the Church of England, since they have perfect power to alter their own Prayer Book in synod and indeed have produced their own alternative Prayer Book since Disestablishment.

However, the House of Lords were far removed from a Belfast political meeting, and carried the new Prayer Book by a large majority. They were not impressed by Carson's story of an "alternative Bradshaw," or his dread of a use of Reservation "under conditions which lead to adoration." Carson protested against the chaos of admitting two Communion Services. Carson was no bigot, but his religious sense ran in a narrow groove. Why should Anglicans not have two Communion Services—a High and a Low celebration in the sense that Anglicans use those words of their Parties? Tolerance, tolerance is the perpetual condition of goodwill and unity on both sides of the Ulster border.

Carson was the greatest of Irish lawyers, and second only to Parnell as a political leader, but he was not a theologian nor an ethnologist, at least he had little idea of things Celtic in history or character if he wrote that "The Celts have done nothing in Ireland but create trouble and disorder. Irishmen, who have turned out successful, are not in any case that I know of true Celtic origin." Could Carson have told us what the *origines Celticae* were? He boasted that he was an Irishman, but presumably would have denied that he was a Celt. Not that it matters. No one who reads this book will deny that he was a man whose Yea was Yea, an Irishman who could not betray his word or his friends, a Christian who on his deathbed acknowledged God's love for the world in that He sent His only begotten Son. "It is enough," said the Primate.

If Ulster stood in tears at his burial, all Ireland stood hushed. His funeral in Belfast bore some resemblance to that of Parnell in Dublin forty-four years previously. "Soil from each of Ulster's six counties" was scattered on his coffin. It would have been more accurate to have said that soil from six of Ulster's *nine* counties was scattered on the coffin of their champion. The betrayed counties, Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan, could not be so intimately connected with the last rite. At least Carson had wept over them when they were sundered from his Ulster. He would never have uttered the cynicism that one of his followers, Mr. Thomas Moles, was pleased to make: "In a sinking ship, with lifeboats sufficient for only two-thirds of the ship's company, were all to condemn themselves to death because all could not be saved?" In other words, let Dublin or the Devil take the hindmost.

In his comments on Irish political history, Mr. Hyde dwells on the unfriendly reception which the Prince of Wales received in 1885, and mentions that "God save the Queen" came to be regarded as a party tune.

It was at a previous date that this distinction had to be made. When Prince Arthur Patrick made his first visit to Ulster, a Catholic band decided to welcome him with the anthem calling for his mother's salvation. This was not in the least pleasing to the Orangemen, who regarded it as a party hymn sacred to themselves, and, on the first occasion that the Catholics played it in public, attacked the band, broke their instruments and caused some fatal injuries. No doubt this must have accounted for Prince Arthur (later Duke of Connaught) accounting himself a Home Ruler in later days.

SHANE LESLIE

REVIEWS

THE AGE OF THE BAROQUE

The Age of the Baroque, 1610-1660, by Carl J. Friedrich (Harper and Brothers \$5.00; Hamish Hamilton 35s).

PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH's compressed and detailed study forms part of a series "The Rise of Modern Europe" under the general editorship of Professor William L. Langer of Harvard University. There are twenty volumes proposed for this series, one being introductory and seven covering the years since 1852. There are thus thirteen volumes devoted to the four centuries following the fall of Constantinople. This period is thus similar to that covered by the first eleven volumes of the *Cambridge Modern History*. It is, however, not a co-operative effort in the sense that each volume is entrusted to a single author. The subjects covered are necessarily too diverse to make this an altogether satisfactory procedure.

At the same time Professor Friedrich starts with certain advantages. The general subject of the book has been his study over a period of twenty years. He has worked at the writings of the period with judgment and enthusiasm and he is, in the main, objective. The terminal dates chosen for this volume have a certain convenience, especially from the angle of political history. The death of Henry IV in 1610 provides a convenient starting point, while the years 1659-61 were marked by the Treaty of the Pyrenees, the death of Mazarin, the beginning of the personal rule of Louis XIV, the restoration of Charles II and the Peace of Oliva.

Considering the range of subjects covered, *The Age of the Baroque* is a remarkable survey. The most valuable section is, perhaps, the long first chapter entitled "The pattern of politics and economics." Professor Friedrich's comments on the place of Althusius of Herborn in Calvinist thought are particularly interesting. The author is the editor of Althusius's *Politica Methodice Digesta*. The connection between the work of Althusius and the line of thought pursued by Samuel Rutherford in *Lex Rex* is well brought out. It was a great disadvantage in Scotland for any writer to be affected by Arminian sympathies and it was the strictly Predestinarian basis of Althusius's thought which gave him his peculiar authority. The powers vested by this writer in the Estates were relevant to the work of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in its legislative capacity.

Professor Friedrich wisely refuses the term "democratic" to any ideas short of those advanced by the Levellers and Diggers. His comment on Selden is similarly balanced. "To call him a 'democrat' is quite far off the mark." Many of the author's comments are shrewd and useful. He is impressed by the degree to which Richelieu, Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell all accepted Mercantilist ideas. He points out that the period was in general static as far as industrial development was concerned and instances the restriction placed by the Dutch on the use of the ribbon loom. He traces some interesting parallels, and remarks that a *jardin des plantes* was established at Upsala and Jena within five years of the foundation of the Oxford physic garden. It is along such lines that this book is provocative of thought.

It is also an advantage that it is not centred upon happenings in Britain, and in fact the approach to the Civil War in England is a little out of date in the emphasis laid on "religious convictions" as the decisive factor. The Presbyterian and Erastian positions are carefully described and there is some understanding of the Counter-Reformation, but the author's grasp of Archbishop Laud's position is inadequate. "To him," he writes on p. 281, "religion *was* ritual and ritual demanded conformity."

It is unfair to stress too many points connected with the English scene, which is not Professor Friedrich's main concern. The statement that "it is interesting that Harvey should have been the physician of Bacon, and yet have failed to communicate to Bacon the true essence of his scientific method," does not take into account the relative positions of the two men. In general the comments on Harvey and on Hobbes are useful and Galileo is placed in his setting. There is a lucid account of the Thirty Years War and a sound description of the main lines of Richelieu's work. The chapters dealing with the Civil War and Commonwealth relies to a considerable extent on Sir Charles Firth, and the influence of Professor W. K. Jordan's interpretation is notable

in the discussion of religious questions. The chapter on the affairs of Poland and Russia is inevitably somewhat sketchy, but the pages on the influence of Transylvania on Hapsburg policy make their point clearly. The whole volume contains a number of valuable summaries of opinion. The weakness inseparable from a single author attempting so broad a survey is apparent in the second and third chapters dealing respectively with the Baroque in life and letters and with the Baroque in art and music. It would have been more profitable to have entrusted these two sections of the book to specialists. The illustrations reproduced are for the most part of indifferent quality and some could have been sacrificed to make room for careful detail of "The Surrender of Breda," a painting so characteristic of this period. Professor Friedrich's account of the re-building of Salzburg is just, and reproductions of the fountain and of aspects of the archiepiscopal palace would have been of interest. It is, however, remarkable how much information is assembled in this book. It is evident throughout the volume that the author has given much thought over long years to his chosen subject.

DAVID MATHEW

RICHARD WALDO SIBTHORP

Two Studies in Virtue, by Christopher Sykes (Collins 16s).

HOW EXCELLENT, how enjoyable a writer is Mr. Christopher Sykes! Here is no literary Jansenist, painfully gestating his two or three hundred words a day and then succumbing to his jaundice. Here is a man with a keen relish for his trade, who still betrays, attractively, the occasional gaucherie of the amateur. A sentence two or three clauses overlong, a sudden over-emphasis—these things do not matter because they remind us that what we are reading is the fruit of an experience, not the refinement of a pen. This is equally true when Mr. Sykes is writing from observation, as in *Four Studies in Loyalty*, or from research, as in the book now under review. For when he is hot upon the trail of a personality or a cause, he becomes passionately engaged; not in the sense of being distorted by *parti pris*, but in the sense of being warmed to sympathy with his subject. He is not afraid of letting his hatreds or his enthusiasms appear; there is never anything to read between the lines.

The character of Richard Waldo Sibthorp, the most vacillating of all the Tractarians, who twice left the Church of England and twice joined the Church of Rome, was a strong temptation to satire. We shudder to think what Lytton Strachey would have done with him. But Mr. Sykes has the great merit of being able to take the nineteenth

century seriously, though he does not take it without an occasional, justified guffaw. In fact, he is the most entertaining of guides, here letting us in through the garden and there unlocking the back door. It is enormously amusing to be told that Pugin liked his puddings to resemble a Gothic arch, and that he had almost severed relations with W. G. Ward on the subject of rood screens. But this persiflage is kept in place because it is subordinate to Mr. Sykes's passion for theology. Poor Sibthorp was not a great, nor even an eminent Victorian. Remotely, ineffectually donnish, his refined and feminine features seem perfectly cast to express a purgatory of doubt.

Mr. Sykes would not claim that Sibthorp was important, but there was a sense in which he was significant. He suggests the plight of the sympathetic Anglican in face of the later doctrinal developments in the Catholic Church. If so great an intellect as Newman's had been facing its crisis today instead of more than a century ago, it would have had to contend with the condemnation of Anglican orders, and the definitions of the Assumption, the Immaculate Conception, and Papal Infallibility. Catholics commonly pretend that these things do not matter, that once a man has accepted the magisterium of the Church he can take them in his stride. For the Catholic this is generally true; but it is simply not true of the Anglican, with his emphasis on Biblical warrant and his small sense of tradition. Everything has become more difficult for him. We may discern in the hesitations of Sibthorp the reason why many Anglicans, though powerfully drawn to Catholicism, have continued to hover on the brink.

In some ways it was worse for him than it is for them. In Rome what Mr. Sykes calls the "neo-ultramontanism" was threatening to carry all before it. This was typified by what he beautifully describes as the "gluttonous devotionalism" of Veuillot. Mr. Sykes hates the ultramontane mentality; he is even afraid that he hates it too much, admitting in his Preface that the ultramontanes did at least prevent a relapse into Gallicanism. But their motives were sometimes equivocal, and if they prevented the Church from falling apart, they could act, on occasion, in such a way as to discourage other people from joining it. It is significant that so saintly a man as Pius X could describe Charles Maurras as a "défenseur de la foi"; and with Maurras we are plunged right into the heart of Mr. Sykes's second essay—and into his second hatred, which needs no qualification.

He does not stress the connection, psychological even more than doctrinal, between the anti-Semite and the political ultramontane; but it is plain for every student of history to read. The line runs pretty straight from Maurras, through Drumont's polemic and Forain's draughtsmanship, to the anti-Jewish legislation of Vichy. Mr. Sykes is only concerned with anti-Semitism as the background to the Balfour

Declaration on the future of Palestine. His treatment of this obscure episode is compressed, impartial and generally clear. He has had access, through the Sledmere papers, to much private information, for his father, Sir Mark Sykes, was one of the earliest converts to Zionism. Mr. Sykes most justly observes that the origins of Zionism and anti-Semitism were both religious. Dostoevsky was a violent anti-Semite, and the Zionism of Lloyd George was founded on the Welsh Bethels. Mr. Sykes further suggests in a most interesting passage that Arthur Balfour's emotional adherence to the same cause was a compensation, achieved late in life, for a nature which otherwise lacked warmth and definition.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

A LITTLE OFF THE MARK

The Responsibilities of the Critic, by F. O. Matthiessen (Oxford University Press, New York: London, Geoffrey Cumberlege 30s).

PERHAPS THE OBVIOUS DISTINCTION to be drawn when discussing contemporary American criticism is between those practitioners natively described as the New Critics, and those who are not. The late F. O. Matthiessen—known already in this country as the author of two excellent studies, one on T. S. Eliot and one on Henry James—belonged to the second category and though he paid respects to the work which the New Criticism had accomplished (its training the reader's mind to focus on the text), he felt it had entered its own phase of decline.

We should realize [he wrote], that we have come to the unnatural point where textual analysis seems to be an end in itself. . . . The trouble is that the terms of the new criticism, its devices and strategies and semantic exercises, can become as pedantic as any other set of terms if they are not handled as the means to fresh discoveries but as counters in a stale game. In too many recent articles literature seems to be regarded merely as a puzzle to be solved.

Mathiessen's comments here are pertinent enough; but it was not only a difference in method between the New Critics and himself which led him to repudiate their more recent work. Rightly he detected in many of them an absence of that quality he always retained—an intellectual and spiritual humility. This lack he equated with Auden's "saying that one of the worst symptoms of sterility in our present culture is that of 'intellectuals without love.' " Against

the grace of fresh impressions which a new work of literature may offer, Mathiessen felt that the New Critics protected themselves by *a priori* thinking. They thought they *knew* what a poem should look like, and that sometimes it didn't seem to prove it was no poem.

It is tempting and not altogether frivolous to ask ourselves the following questions: Can those who are not specifically known in America as the New Critics, be said to be followers of the Older Criticism? Next, what briefly would this criticism be? And, lastly, may we speak of Mathiessen as subscribing to its course and tenets?

Well, first, outside of the New Critics, there appears even less unity of intention, even less harmony of approach, than within its own demurring ranks. Secondly, the Older Criticism (if such a phrase is to have much meaning) would presumably refer to those authors who had laid the foundations of English literary criticism: Sidney, Dryden, Johnson, etc.; all of whom based their critical concepts of excellence and normality upon the thought of Plato and Aristotle. Thirdly, Mathiessen, though well acquainted with this tradition, and nourished upon it, was clearly not himself a subscriber. What, then, were his own points of reference?

In terms of his chief preoccupation, they were "responsibilities," not only to language but to society; not to a settled traditional society but to an expanding and changing one. Like the school of Sartre, he conceived of the critic as a figure *engagé*, an action-minded thinker. His place, according to Mathiessen, and as William James earlier envisaged it, "was at the central point where a battle is being fought"; a battle in which he himself intervened with the utmost chivalry of word and spirit. "William James," he writes, "used to insist that the first duty of any thinker is to know as much as possible about life in his own time, but it can be grasped more concretely if we envisage the particular responsibilities of the critic as a whole series of awarenesses." This belief, in turn, led him not so much to emphasize the need for a more sensitive pronouncement of judgment as for a more informed judgment—a judgment fed by a greater stream of facts. The quantitative encyclopaedic note in this concern of his did not make for a more responsive literary sense. Once one begins to place one's trust in facts, one finds one can never obtain enough of them. In other words, such quantitative judgments are still selective, in the long run.

This volume is composed of articles, reviews, and addresses from 1922 to his death in 1950. Its contents, selected by John Rackliffe, differ very much in interest and standard. Those essays in which Mathiessen concentrates on an exposition of style—his pieces on Yeats, John Crowe Ransom, and Wallace Stevens, for example—are excellent evaluations. Some of the articles wear the tired air of ephemeral

controversy, while others tend to read like popular social commentaries on the arts.

That Mathiessen was a solid and constructive critic cannot be doubted by those who have perused any of his full-length studies. He needed to be thoroughly immersed in his subject, to focus on the essence of the work *from within*. In his books on T. S. Eliot and Henry James, he worked in this manner with the happiest of results. But in *The Responsibilities of the Critic*, with its four- or five-page review-length essays, his comments are apt to fall, so to speak, on either side, in the margins of his subject. We are conscious of a certain indefinite marksmanship. The bull has not been hit, and the bell does not ring.

DEREK STANFORD

THE TRAPP FAMILY

The Story of the Trapp Family Singers, by Maria Augusta Trapp (Geoffrey Bles 16s).

THIS ENCHANTING STORY begins in an Austria still traditional, gay, lovely to look at. The authoress was sent from her convent near Salzburg to nurse the weakly little daughter of Baron Georg von Trapp. The Baron had been a U-boat commander, and ran his great dignified simple house rather as he had his submarine. His wife had died four years previously; his four girls and two boys were perfectly drilled: twenty-five nurses or governesses had preceded Maria Augusta who was to nurse the small Martina. By means of teaching the children to sing, Maria Augusta succeeded in bringing the whole place to life with the due romantic consequence that she and Georg were married. All this part of the book, and more, is filled with that exquisite scent of Austria-in-the-Mountains that can still intoxicate those happy enough to remember it. The Christmas and Holy Week traditions are recalled; also, more mundane ones, like a summer camp to which a cousin Peter with his wife, six children, and above all a Handbook added themselves to the Trapps. Little by little even he succumbed to the new freedom and joyousness of that family, and the handbook with its many scores of Cautionary Rules fell from his regenerate fingers. Then—disaster, which of course turned out a blessing. “When God shuts the door, He opens a window.” A bank failed: the stately home had to take in boarders, but also, had leave for chapel and chaplain—a Fr. Wasner, a true musician, loyal to the end. One day the family was singing in the park; applause was heard—it was the great Lotte Lehmann: she insisted that the family must sing at the

group-singer festival *next day*. The Baron nearly expired—his family on a platform? Lotte Lehmann conquered—“just this once!” But the Family won first prize. And Salzburg radio soon telephoned that it wanted them on the air. They went. Chancellor von Schuschnigg happened to listen in and, enthralled, demanded the Trapps (along with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra) at a great reception to all diplomats. This was followed by a separate concert, and in turn led to a tour in Paris, London, Brussels, The Hague. They sang to Pius XI, to kings and queens. Everyone said: “This is *different*”—it was, for they were singing with their hearts, even the ancient music that Fr. Wasner kept discovering.

But in March, 1938, Schuschnigg was heard broadcasting: “I am yielding to force,” followed by a Prussian voice: “Austria is dead. Long live the Third Reich!” Soon enough the Trapps were called on to sing for the Führer’s birthday. A fortune lay ahead of them. But to eliminate Christianity (and therefore Bach, to say no more) from their singing, was impossible. They sailed for America, still wearing (as they continued to do) their national dress. It is impossible to summarize Part II of this book. Immense hospitality; excellent newspaper applause; “thinnish” applause, too often, from audiences. The music was too good; the concerts too long and serious; the singers, without make-up, seldom smiling, had no sex-appeal. Meanwhile the family had increased: an expected “Barbara” was born, but—she had to be called John. There was a Scandinavian tour; they returned to the States and, by a happy accident, found they could sing so as to make people laugh. This amazing family ended by settling at Vermont, where they bought a farm, built a house, gave concerts to the army, to schools—and started a Trapp Family Music Camp, which kept seeming about to fail, always being rescued at the last moment by the Trapp “luck.” The war ended, and the “Trapp Family Austrian Relief, Inc.” came into existence. The tours continued, work was intensified, American generosity was boundless, an enormous amount of material was sent to Austria, and some 14,000 Austrian families were, in two years, “adopted” by American ones. It is a relief to reflect, amid the welter of shame in which we so long have lived, that so much goodness of heart has been triumphing spiritually over the greed and the fear and the rival politicians. Well, the Baron died: the “Family” drew into itself so many others as to change its character: members of the original group married and departed: but still the house at Vermont stands, and, seeing that “they were of one heart and of one soul,” is rightly called *Cor Unum*.

C. C. MARTINDALE

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

The Spirit of Love: based on the Teachings of St. François de Sales,
by C. F. Kelley (Longmans 21s).

IT IS IMMENSELY REFRESHING to think about St. Francis of Sales and almost impossible to write about him. If you put pen to paper to that end, you can almost hear him ask why, and almost in the accents of the Saviour, Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, God. Other doctors teach so many things. In their company we have to wrestle with definitions, idioms, ideas. This makes them interesting to the curious reader. St. Francis only redirects our attention to the way he is looking: he disturbs no furniture: the accidents remain the same. Mme. de Chantal's servants found that when Madame prayed at stated hours there was always a fuss, but now that the good Bishop had taught her to pray all the time, there was none at all. "Do not occupy yourself in time of prayer," he says, "with wanting to know what you are doing or how you pray; for the best prayer or state of prayer is that which keeps us so well employed in God that we think not of ourselves or of what we are doing . . . to be with God, to love Him, to unite oneself with Him. True love scarcely goes by method." It shares with Almighty the power to be unseen and comes, like the Kingdom of God, without observation. Its art is consummate and concealed. St. Francis is that vast, unspeakable thing, a human soul that has ceased to be anything but the love of God.

Mr. Kelley must be congratulated on having a method of doing all that anyone wants to do with Francis, to quote him. Here are six chapters—on the sanity of Love, theology of Love, Love in the world, Love's strategy, Love in contemplation, Love in practice. The number happens to fill a week of late evenings or early mornings. Having come to the end you go back to the beginning and go over it all again, and again, till you know it all by root of heart and then again and again because you never know more than the beginning—"Love is the chief passion of the heart, that which prompts us to whatever is good; and a true love of God and man implies our wishing all that is good to God for His own sake and to our neighbour for love of Him." The reader is important to the saint as were his friends and enemies because the saint knows what the reader is too stupid to believe, that the whole Godhead is engaged in loving every man. As St. Vincent says, "Whoever says Charity says God."

A purist might question some of Mr. Kelley's terms. A specialist in the psychology and theology of mysticism would certainly find his language imprecise. The title of his first chapter, for instance,

"Love: the Via Media," is not what he means. *Philia* is not a middle way which avoids *Eros* on one side and *Agape* on the other, but a communion of both. Nor was it prudent to invoke the terms of a profound and difficult discussion for a page or so to illustrate what St. Francis makes so clear in terms so simple. And Mr. Kelley's interpretation of *Agape* will not fit the word which is rendered in Christian English as charity. The New Testament says that God is *Agape*. Then it is misleading to represent the true doctrine as a middle course between "the Scylla of Pelagius and the Lutheran Charybdis"—misleading and superficial. But this kind of peeping would itself be misleading and superficial—silly, too, as it would be to criticize the scientific parables in *La Vie Dévote*. The point is that in Salesian devotion the love which seeks to possess and the love which would be "noughted" are one and the same. Here, too, Charity and Justice are identical. Love, as St. Paul said, rejoiceth with the truth. God imputes no righteousness except where righteousness is. No matter how trivial the situation—"this headache, this toothache, this cold, this loss of a pair of gloves"—it has its truth which Divine Goodness presents and love accepts, with Love knows what gracious consequence. No matter how great or tragic be the fall of a civilization, the schism and heresy of half Christendom or the atheism of devout scientists, it is seen by the Divine Mercy without mist of tears or hate. This present situation God-given and God-accepted could not be more or less than the Sacrament. This is the source and stature of the "spirituality of the little by little"—when, for instance, the good Bishop tells a nun to "speak a little more gently and in three or four years you will find that you have quite regulated this hasty impetuosity." God is in no hurry and cannot be cheated with heroic gestures. His lover would be not something for the admiration of Paris but that which God loves, not more nor less nor other.

It is all there in these six chapters, but it is important to read St. Francis and not a specimen introduction to a subject called mystical theology. For the good Bishop was a craftsman, not a critic. His words are not so much exposition as action, not analysis but making. In heaven he does not seek an authoritative commentator who will do justice to his penetration, but the Love of God, and he passed hence with but one word, *Jesu, caritatis Dei dulcedine perfusus.*

T. S. GREGORY

GENUINE SCHOLASTIC LOGIC

Medieval Logic: An Outline of its Development from 1250 to c. 1400,
by Philotheus Boehner, O.F.M. (Manchester University Press
12s 6d).

IN THIS INTERESTING and stimulating little book Father Boehner makes two main points. He is concerned to show first of all that the medieval logicians were very far from being content with repetition of Aristotle's logical doctrines. They made original contributions of their own. This does not mean that the logical developments of the Middle Ages were opposed to the Aristotelian logic, still less that they were so regarded by their authors. But they were new developments all the same. Father Boehner chooses three themes for special examination, the theory of syncategorematic terms, the theory of supposition and the theory of consequences. The chief logicians considered are Peter of Spain, Ockham, Buridan, Walter Burleigh and Albert of Saxony. The author has much of interest to say about the theory of supposition, but perhaps the most interesting point he makes is in regard to the theory of consequences or the theory of inferential operations between propositions. Ockham, Father Boehner argues, "had a complete command of the so-called De Morgan Laws"; but at the same time he not only followed the traditional division of logic into the logic of terms, the logic of propositions and the logic of the syllogism, but also placed his treatment of consequences at the end of his treatment of the syllogism. With Walter Burleigh, however, the treatise on consequences is placed at the beginning of his system of logic, and syllogistics are treated as a minor part of it. The more the theory of consequences was developed the more nearly did the Scholastics approach the formalistic conception of logic which is characteristic of the moderns. This is most clear, the author maintains, in the case of Burleigh. "Logic is here conceived in its pure formalism; that is, in its pure nature."

Father Boehner's second main point is closely connected with the first. The logic presented in the majority of neo-scholastic text-books of the subject is not, he maintains, the genuine scholastic logic, even though it masquerades as such. When modern logicians dismiss "scholastic logic" as not only inferior to their own but also as essentially different from it, what they are condemning is not the developed logic of the Middle Ages. A number of neo-scholastic logicians, Father Boehner remarks, seem to be convinced that no progress has been made in the subject since the time of Aristotle. He quotes a statement to this effect from a recent text-book. "Aristotle's logic is perfect: nothing can be added to it, nor has anything been added to it during

the course of centuries." Writers who maintain this opinion do not realize, Father Boehner insists, the contributions made first by the Stoics and later by the medieval logicians. As to modern logic, they are not infrequently suspicious of it and hostile towards it, although the developed logic of the Middle Ages, while not, of course, identical with modern logic, easily leads on to it and is more akin to it than is generally supposed. If neo-scholastic logicians had any real knowledge of medieval logic, they would not, Father Boehner maintains, take up the attitude towards modern logic which they sometimes adopt.

The author makes it clear that no definitive history of medieval logic can yet be written: a considerable amount of further research will be necessary before this can be done. But the present work should do much to show modern logicians that medieval logic is worth investigating and neo-scholastic logicians that there is no fundamental incompatibility between modern logic and the genuine logic of the Middle Ages. Speaking with satisfaction of those neo-scholastics who have tried to introduce modern logic into their system, Father Boehner remarks: "What they have done was only partly an innovation, for, in many substantial parts, they have only reintroduced into scholasticism what really belonged to it."

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

MARRIAGE, LAW AND REASON

Marriage and Society, by E. O. James (Hutchinson's University Library 18s).

The State of Matrimony, by Reginald Haw (S.P.C.K. 21s).

IF IT WERE ONLY for the chapter on "Marriage in Modern Society," the book on *Marriage and Society* by Dr. E. O. James would be well worth having. The Professor of the history and philosophy of religion in the University of London has given us in his first five chapters a good bird's-eye view of the history of marriage in pre-Christian times. The basic notions derived from the natural law are precisely the ones all too easily lost sight of—witness the treatment of marriage even by some of the Fathers of the Church, and the incalculable harm wrought by Jansenism and Puritanism among Catholics and Protestants.

On the pressing problems of our time such as artificial birth-prevention, Dr. James writes most usefully for Catholics, just because the Church takes her stand on the evil of contraception *in se*: she forbids it as wrong; it is not wrong for the Catholic primarily because she forbids it, nor is it less wrong for the non-Catholic or non-Christian. That attitude—the appeal to pure reason, the denunciation

of the unnatural—brings us all sharply up against the difficulty that comparatively few outside the Catholic Church subscribe to such a view of what is "natural" and "unnatural." Even thirty-three years ago, Anglican prelates gathered at the Lambeth Conference expressed in effect the minds of millions of sincere and intelligent Christians when they decided—a majority of them—that there was no sufficient foundation for declaring the practice of contraception intrinsically evil.

While Dr. James thinks "it is at least arguable that the Anglican communion has shown its wisdom in adopting a non-committal attitude in its pronouncements at Lambeth Conferences in recent years," he goes on to reveal the weakness of the Lambeth attitude in deplored a practice which it nonetheless allows in "abnormal" cases never defined. On the other hand, the Catholic is usefully reminded that the Conference quoted (of 1930) appealed to the fact that "the communion which most strongly condemned in principle all preventive methods, nevertheless in practice recognizes that there are occasions when a rigid insistence on the principle is impossible."

Dr. James knows the Catholic answer to that statement. That he, like many keenly alive to the danger, is not satisfied that Rome has found even the theoretical solution, is a challenge obviously not to be met on the ground of authority.

More limited in its scope is *The State of Matrimony*, by the Rev. Reginald Haw, for this is chiefly an investigation into the relationship between ecclesiastical and civil marriage in England since the Reformation. Much of that ground has been covered by Fr. Joyce's *Christian Marriage*, frequently quoted by Mr. Haw. The book is interesting and well-written. His advice to the Anglican Church is to "serve the nation to the full by undertaking the thorough preparation and instruction of those who come to be married at her altars."

But what happens when the High Anglican parson quotes Catholic books and the Modern Churchman contradicts him? Is "instruction" really possible without effective authority?

T. D. ROBERTS

OUR COMMON PRAYERS

Familiar Prayers: Their Origin and History, by Herbert Thurston, S.J. (Burns and Oates 16s).

THESE CHAPTERS appeared originally in THE MONTH between 1911 and 1918, and were being revised by Fr. Thurston himself in the year of his death, 1939. His notes have been fully used by the well-known Bollandist, Fr. P. Grosjean. Fr. Thurston courageously investigates the "origin and history" of prayers so familiar to us that we take

them for granted and are almost surprised to hear that they have not always been made just as we say them. Thus the history of the Sign of the Cross is quite complicated: its origin was certainly all-but primitive—in fact, we are inclined to think that it began to be made at once, if only because the oriental and southerner could hardly speak without an accompanying gesture. (In a Roman law-court, if an estate were under litigation, a turf had to be brought in and, whenever the estate was mentioned, the turf had to be *touched*.) The paramount Christian prayer is, of course, the Our Father, as to the exact wording of which even the Scriptures are not perfectly clear—not only, maybe, because strict quotation was not then habitual (even the brief formula of the title over the Cross is variously given) but because we think that our Lord meant to tell us to pray “in this sort of way” rather than to provide sentences that we must at all costs learn accurately by heart. Anyhow, Fr. Thurston describes only the history of its rendering into English. As for the Hail Mary, it seems probable that some form of its first part belonged, in the West at any rate, to the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and detached itself so as to be used as a separate salutation by the laity in general, at least in the second half of the twelfth century: indeed, an astonishing discovery (discussed in 1902) of an ostrakon, said to date about the year 600, shows that a slightly longer form of this first part was in popular use in Greek, while a very beautiful hymn written in the eleventh century, and in liturgical use fifty years later if not from the outset, interweaves all the material of the second part of the Hail Mary with the first part. Its last lines are:

Hic nobis et mortis in
hora succurre
ac in orbis examine
nos tuos recognosce.

The *Salve Regina*, on the other hand, has come down almost verbatim from the eleventh century, and Fr. Thurston shows that there is no reason for supposing the final invocation to be a later addition. The history of this hymn, both as a seamen’s hymn and as part of evening services and as a separate prayer is unusually full. The *Regina Caeli*, however, cannot be shown to be earlier than 1171 (though of course the first time we find a prayer quoted in manuscript is no definite indication of when it was first used): but it is, anyhow, an adaptation of a Christmas antiphon, and its diffusion was largely due to Franciscan influence. As for the *Memorare*, there is of course no evidence for attributing it to St. Bernard, and yet (p. 155) the introduction of that name may not be a “mere guess,” but due to the history of Fr. Claude Bernard (1588–1641) who did not indeed compose the prayer but so constantly used it in his apostolate amid hardened sinners that it

became practically identified with him and was often printed under his portraits as his prayer. Somewhat in the same way, the *Anima Christi* came to be attributed to St. Ignatius Loyola, and in many a prayer-book it is still called his "Aspirations." Certainly he not only was devoted to it, but assumed that it was well known, and in the earlier copies of the Exercises it is not even printed out in full, as his own prayers are. There has been a strong tendency to assign it to John XXII (1316-34), but, as Fr. Thurston points out, John XXII's name acted as a sort of magnet and drew to itself the alleged origin of many a prayer, somewhat as all travel-tales gravitated to Ulysses, all laws to Draco, Solon or Moses. We join with Fr. Thurston's regret that this ancient, and most spiritual prayer, so suited to Holy Communion, should not be found in all manuals of devotion: and we could wish that he had had time to write about the *En Ego*, the more so as we are told that this prayer, so important in view of its Indulgence, is in danger of fading out of popular usage. As for the *Confiteor*, which together with the *Misereatur* which follows it, certainly constitutes a "prayer," it may well be the form into which the many self-humiliating "acts" made by the priest before Mass have settled down—"acts" called "Apologia sacerdotis," or "confessio sancta paenitentis." Fr. Thurston expresses a certain surprise that the *De Profundis* should have become the Psalm recited on behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, and it is true that the sentiments of, e.g., Cornelius a Lapide, concerning its suitability would be exactly our own. But it is no less true that these "applications" of the sense of this psalm were unknown to antiquity. The author tentatively suggests that the connection is due almost to an accident—when monks recited a number of psalms together, the last group, said for the Holy Souls, happened to contain this psalm—so puzzlingly (we feel) included in the Office for Christmas Day. We are glad to know that the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, perhaps the most perfect poem-hymn ever written, is almost certainly to be assigned to Stephen Langton: but we wish that the *Gloria Patri* (which is dealt with in the final chapter) could be restored from its Protestant translation to its certainly more accurate prayer-form (as suggested by Lingard in 1833): "as it was in the beginning, so be it now, and for ever." We are glad that a further volume dealing with *Familiar Devotions* is to follow, especially as this book is so perfectly produced, and uses the loveliest Greek type that we know of.

C. C. MARTINDALE

SHORTER NOTICES

Medieval Religious Houses, by David Knowles and R. Neville Hadcock (Longmans 42s).

THIS IS A UNIQUE BOOK—in fact, two books, indispensable to students, and of the highest interest to all who are willing to observe the origins, development and the all-but extinction of the monastic life in England. The nucleus of the book was the hand-list compiled by Professor Knowles in 1940, "The Religious Houses of Medieval England," for a further edition of which new data were constantly being accumulated. Meanwhile, Mr. Hadcock, independently, had for long been working at a map of Monastic Britain. Full collaboration was decided on, and each collaborator enlisted the assistance of specialists in more narrowly defined parts of the general field. Earlier sources, dating right back to a compilation of perhaps A.D. 1200 down to the present century, have of course been drawn upon. Six admirable maps, drawn by Mr. Hadcock, display the distribution of the houses proper to the various Orders, and follow a catalogue (pp. 58–353), even now probably not exhaustive, of these houses, the dates of their foundation and disappearance, their rank and even their revenue, so far as can be estimated, with copious notes giving such details as can be discovered about them. Statistics concerned with the military orders, hospitals and colleges have been added. Those who instinctively recoil from the very sight of such lists, necessary as they are, will find a most grateful refuge in Dom David's introductory chapter on the Origins and Development of the Religious Life in Great Britain (a further volume is foreseen, dealing with monasticism in Scotland and Ireland). The earlier history of the monastic life in England, even when disentangled from legend, is remarkable: but regular monastic life had wholly died out by the time of the great revival by St. Dunstan (*c.* 943); even this required renewal and received it when the Normans arrived; so 1066 is after all the date from which this book rightly for the most part calculates. We cannot of course pursue the lines followed by the various Orders in the religious development of this country—agricultural, educational, artistic; nor yet assess the degree of their decadence before the cruel fate that was to befall them. Now that there are probably more "Religious" in England than before the great destruction of the monasteries, we can but pray that vocations to the ancient Orders, alongside of those to more modern Congregations, may be still further multiplied and their fervour be greater still.

Without Let or Hindrance: A Journey to Jugoslavia, by John Poels (John Murray 12s 6d).

WE ARE OFTEN WARNED not to put our trust in tourists nor in any of their impressions; but we gladly affirm that we believe every word of this exhilarating book. True, Mr. Poels rightly provides an Introduction, in which he briefly but convincingly describes the kind of Communism which prevailed in Jugoslavia in 1952 when he and a friend Christopher (who never acquires a surname), in a highly personal car (which did acquire a Christian name, to wit, Stephen) made their tour there. Mr. Poels suggests that in time the "lets and hindrances" that he forthwith encountered when getting a passport and other documents at the Jugoslav consulate may be mitigated. It was certainly unlucky that the friends did not apply for their visas together, for one was permitted to enter Jugoslavia through Italy, the other, only through Austria. We are not even now quite clear how they at last got through at Gorizia—especially after their firm refusal (made stage by stage from London onwards) to lodge at the Students' Town built by International Labour outside Zagreb. But they did, proceeding to Ljubljana, sleeping chiefly in fields and eating mostly what they were given. They had every opportunity of admiring the superb physique and (we consider) morale of the Slovene and the Croat peasantry which are, for a time, united even with the Serbs by their common resentment of the Government. No wonder that its efforts to collectivize those stubborn races have had to be modified, since the country was heading for bankruptcy and everyone was worse off than before. Even the one constructive triumph of Tito's—the *autoput* road from Zagreb to Belgrade—was, but a year ago, used only by the cars of high-up Communists or ambassadors, and, well, by Stephen. We fear that poor Zagreb must have been uglified beyond redemption, but it is sad that our pilgrims found its grand cathedral locked. Not too badly let nor hindered by the couples of policemen who constantly emerged as from trapdoors and were half the time bewildered by their own job, they made their way through towns that we cannot say we loved to the Dalmatian coast which surely nothing can spoil. Finally, they reached home, and Stephen, feeling his work well and truly done, went up in glory owing, it would seem, to spontaneous combustion, like the gentleman in Dickens. Mr. Poels once calls his book "frivolous"; but its undertones are very serious and yet, we feel, however dubious the future, they should not depress us; for they convince us that the very structure of the Slovene and Croat character is such as to prevail and outlast the tyranny of the hour. And it is good to think that day by day they found Mass being celebrated.

Man Born to Live, by Ellen Hart (Gollancz 22s 6d).

THIS IS THE FIRST FULL BIOGRAPHY of Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, prefaced and introduced by H.R.H. the Princess Royal (for twenty-seven years Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Committee) and Paul Ruegger (President of the International Committee). The book is no mere panegyric, and disguises none of the anomalies of Dunant's character. His friend General de Beaufort said: "If you want to see a first-class battle you should cross the Apennines." He did so, and thus was present at Solferino. The appalling misery he witnessed fixed his mind on helping the wounded and the prisoners of either side in a war. His *Souvenir de Solferino* had a resounding success. Now we must in fairness say that when Nurse Parsy, S.R.N., in her *Story of the Growth of Nursing*, says that after Isabella of Castile's heroic creation of field ambulances and hospitals (about 1480), till four centuries had passed men again lay wounded on battlefields without succour before the idea was born again "as the result of a Swiss traveller looking out over the battle-field of Solferino," this is not so. C. Andersen, in his *En Skabone under Genferkorset*, says: "It must be made clear that the Red Cross had already been seen on the battlefield of Solferino in 1859. From the cities of Verona, Mantua and Cremona about a hundred Camillan Brothers (who wore a red cross on their breast) took part in the voluntary health-service during and after the battle. Together with thirty-six nurses . . . they joined in a great work. . . . It does not greatly serve to the honour of the Protestant Dunant, that this strong infusion of Catholic Religious is not mentioned even by one word in his *Memories of Solferino*. He cannot possibly have been ignorant of it." On the other hand, Dunant freely acknowledges that it was the example of the great ladies of Lombardy, who so efficiently nursed the wounded of all ranks in their vast drawing-rooms, using their finest linen for this, and so forth, which suggested to him the organization of societies in peace-time which should be ready to relieve the wounded in future wars. His special contribution was this—the legal internationalization of the Red Cross. The Camillans already were international, but could never have been legally recognized as such, if only because politicians would never have thus recognized an association Catholic in origin, and having as nucleus a religious Order, especially as anti-clericalism suppressed them, too, till after 1848 they were found necessary. In 1906 it had to be said that the Cross had no religious significance; the device was a compliment to General Dufour and a reversal of the colours of the Swiss flag.

The book dramatically tells of the development of Dunant's work, his period of destitution and isolation, his final rehabilitation, and his strange funeral—he had asked to be "carried to my grave like a dog."

The Contemplative Life, by a Carthusian Monk. Revised and edited by the Prior of Parkminster (Burns and Oates 8s 6d).

The Silent Apostolate, by a Dominican Sister (Kerryman Ltd. n.p.)

La Vie Contemplative: Est-elle Possible dans le Monde? by A. M. Goichon (Desclée de Brouwer n.p.)

Edel Mary Quinn: Une héroïne de l'apostolat, by Mgr. Léon-Joseph Suenens (Desclée de Brouwer n.p.)

THESE BOOKS do not treat of "contemplation" either in the Ignatian sense or as non-discursive prayer. *The Contemplative Life* wishes to justify the existence of a life spent in prayer and praise (especially in the singing of the Divine Office) and not in the active service of one's neighbour. That prayer as such is superior to activity merely as such, is evident: what is absolutely required is Charity and so, however enclosed be the life of, e.g., Carthusian or Carmelite, an apostolic intention must always be included; while all acknowledge that external work, if it professes to be Christian, is soul-less unless infused with prayer. So all Christian life is in some measure a "mixed" life and is never merely self-regarding. The book shows briefly how the contemplative life modifies its methods according to the times; and recently even the most strictly enclosed Orders are encouraged to find means, in the future, for something "active," e.g. catechism.

The Silent Apostolate describes the Dominican life for women, in the fully contemplative sense, and amounts to one of those appeals for "vocations" which religious orders of women seem increasingly to need to make.

The book by Mlle. Goichon is most remarkable. She does not claim to be a theologian or a philosopher but is more of both than most of us are. And she begins by emphasizing the fact that more people in the world are anxious to lead some sort of contemplative life, and the canonical recognition of "secular institutes" proves this to be true. Rightly, then, she examines what the contemplative life is *not*; then, what it is: she discusses with great frankness the difficulties of a contemplative life led in the world apart from all those *means* which have become so normal as to seem practically necessities, *viz.* the cloister, the vows, etc.

The unexpected name "Edel" was given by mistake for "Adèle" and because the parish priest thought it was an abbreviation of "Edelweiss." This almost unbelievable explanation was given by Edel Mary Quinn herself, whose parents came from Galway and Clare respectively. Anyhow, nothing can be more gay and attractive than the history of this young girl who soon enough thought she was called to the Poor Clares, but was not long in finding that this was a mistake.

Her real discovery was the Legion of Mary, yet her role within it was very exceptional. It became, indeed, the maximum of "contemplative apostolate." Enough to say that, having intended to devote the *whole* of her life to apostolic work, she decided to make her headquarters at Chester, but yielding to appeals from Calabar she resolved upon South Africa, and in the end found that her apostolate was to be on the whole in Kenya and the territories north of the Union and the Rhodesias. But it was an apostolate that could not possibly be regarded as *normal* for "Legionaries," who mostly have their daily duties and professions to carry out. Nor are we helped to understand how she was financed, nor in what precise sense the "praesidia" and other organizations proper to the Legion could be realized among Natives. Apparently, fears that these would be too complicated were not realized, but Edel Quinn was adaptable, as well as possessed of an astounding energy. She was constantly moving around, creating, reinforcing. Born in 1907, she died of tuberculosis so recently as 1944, after much suffering, during which she remitted as little as possible of her cyclonic and heroic work, all of it infused by intense and unremitting prayer. We hope, frankly, that this book will be adapted rather than translated: it almost suggests that no one had done serious work in Africa till Edel arrived, though clearly it *intends* to imply no such thing. And it is very important to know to what degree her manifold works survive, and in what shape.

Gala Day London, by Izis Bidermanas (The Harvill Press 63s).

THE HARVILL PRESS have again put us in their debt by a truly sumptuous publication. The exotic Izis Bidermanas has come to our shores and shown us the London we may see any night or day, but which we rarely get in illustrated publications. He is the photographer of the *moment juste*, catching on every page the miraculous alliance of light, place and humanity. The formal beauties of London, such as they are, do not tempt him. What he seizes with unerring instinct is the characteristic thing which, caught thus, has the power to delight and to surprise. He has persuaded a number of English writers, including Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. John Betjeman, to accompany his pictures with words.

Here is a spectacled anarchist addressing two listeners in Hyde Park; an Under-Secretary and his junior, a brace of pheasants in hand, strolling beside Rotten Row; a barge laden with coal-dust drifting down the Regent's Park canal; the corner shop blaring with advertisements in the East End; the vulgar bustle of Piccadilly Circus; ships berthed in the docks, with a diver ready to descend into the grey mud; "light broken," as Mr. Stephen Spender happily phrases it, on the

cobbles of a mews; a youthful organ-grinder with a feather in his top-hat; a young sailor, waiting, his head bowed over his knees in attempted sleep, for the milk-train which will take him back to Portsmouth; white smoke puffing through the girders of Hungerford Bridge, and a man playing the concertina in the murk of the Adelphi arches; the refugee children gathered round a fire in the street behind Paddington; Eros superb and shining from the reflection of the neon lights.

Here then is the London of mysterious individual destinies, popular and proletarian; not the London of political and financial power. The statues and the shrines are absent, which is a pity if we are looking for an inclusive vision. But the vision is personal, not comprehensive, and Izis, with his adjutant scribes, has given aesthetic significance to what has no aesthetic intent. He has revealed poetry and emotion in the back-street as surely as Mr. Eliot did this in the Preludes which shattered with so indelicate a percussion the complacency of Georgian eclogues. We do not complain. The authors of this lovely book (which is cheap at the price) have reassured us that London, though we have done our best to destroy its style, is still a masterpiece. We are re-disposed to exclaim with Johnson that "he who is tired of London is tired of life."

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PADRE PIO DA PIETRALCINA. Reprints of this article, published in THE MONTH (June 1952) can be obtained from THE MONTH, 114 Mount Street, W.1. Stamps to cover postage must be enclosed.

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ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background,

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